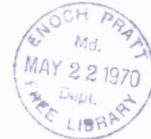




MOVIE AND TELEVISION LISTINGS
THROUGH MARCH 3rd

harry

ERUPTION IN THE SCHOOLS



"Dr. Sheldon: I'm Calling You OUT!"

by Thomas D'Antoni and Francesca Geminiani

After a week of physical confrontations in the Baltimore high schools, a heavy verbal confrontation came down at Poly auditorium on Wednesday night.

This concluded the first week of abuse and brutality by the police on the black high school students who dared to get a little uppity and to challenge the blatant racism in the Baltimore school system.

Contrary to the above ground media reports, the scene did NOT start on Thursday, February 12. A group known as Black Voice comprised of students from Eastern High had been petitioning the principal in an orderly manner regarding racism in general at Eastern and racism in particular on the part of Dorothy Schepler, a teacher. Now dig it, they presented legitimate grievances against Schepler, a forty-four year veteran of the Department of Education to the principal, Olga Balden, in October. They went through all the regular channels for four months. You know what happened of course. Nothing.

So after four months of zero response, Black Voice decided to confront the teacher themselves.

On the morning of February 12, the members of Black Voice walked down the hall toward Schepler's room in order to confront her. As they proceeded down the hall, they were joined by other students. Black Voice members asked them not to come along, but the non-members did not follow this suggestion.

When they reached the teacher's room, needless to

say, Schepler was scared shitless. According to some reports, the teacher called one of the Black Voice members either a "black bastard," or a "black bitch." The teacher did not further talk to Black Voice, but instead walked down the hall and locked herself first in the school store and then in the principal's office.

Black Voice requested that Schepler, Balden, and themselves go to the auditorium to talk. The principal refused.

By this time the incident had drawn quite a crowd in the hall. Black Voice had refused to leave until some action was taken regarding the teacher — but they asked the other students to go back to class. They didn't and the police were called in. According to one of the Black Voice girls "Police suddenly appeared. (They) sent the biggest and burliest police."

She was right. They were members of Baltimore's Tactical (Nigger) squad known as STOP (Special Tactical Operation Patrol.) The students wanted to go to the auditorium. The teacher was taken to the auditorium. The police "Took our people down the hall" according to the Black Voice Spokesman. She said the police pointed to one of the Black Voice leaders and said "Get her."

They did. They also started what proved to be a long week of arrests, demonstrations, and getting shit together on the part of the black high school students of Baltimore.

According to several sources, the police "knocked us

more were dragged up the hall by their hair.

Naturally a larger crowd formed and if my Women's Lib friends will excuse me (including my ace co-reporter Fran) the girls began acting like normal high school girls. According to a source who was in the building, "girls were crying, fainting, becoming hysterical, and shouting."

Nine girls were taken out and put in the paddy wagon and two more were placed in patrol cars. The same source told us "three teachers persuaded the principal to go outside and to try and get the girls released." When the cops refused and started to leave, "the girls tried to bodily detain the paddy wagon by throwing themselves upon it and trying to lay down in front of it."

At the station, according to the Black Voice chick, the police asked one girl to remove her boots. She refused. Another policeman came in and he and one of the other cops held her upside down and struck her until she capitulated. There is also another report of a girl who lost her unborn child after having been struck by a cop.

Some girls had gone over to City College to elicit help from the students at that all-male high school. Violence ensued when the City students were told of the treatment of the Eastern girls. Windows were broken and some small fires were started in lockers.

According to a source close to the situation, a student

cont. on p. 4

Letters

HARRY GOT A LETTER



dear editor

Where have you been all these years? Los Angeles had hers. New York, of course, has had several for as many years. But until you, Baltimore has had no way of knowing so many of the important news items, coming events, places to shop, etc., etc.

No matter, now you're here and it's fine and I certainly hope you stick around for a long time.

Your drug encyclopedia is terrific. Your reportage on our screwed up system of dealing with drugs is also terrific. So good to read about "the problem" when the emphasis is placed on the real problem i.e., the government's way of handling people (or should I say pushing them around).

Here's my four dollars. I couldn't possibly not subscribe.

fondly,
Sandy Price

Dear HARRY,

Here's a dollar for HARRY. It won't help out much, but I guess it's better than nothing.

As for your idea of the rock hall, I think it's great. Baltimore, how about you? peace,

Nancy Rothschild

PS Remember - "The lesson is PEACE, the teachers are few."

The Editor

HARRY

Dear Sir:

Help clean up Baltimore, have a pigeon for lunch.

love always,
MLPF&S

Dear HARRY,

This rag is fantastic! You're doing a great job. In the HARRY of February 5, I thought that the article about the Earth People's Park was really beautiful. The whole idea enralls me. I would really appreciate it if you could send me any information you have on the planning of the Park and especially the address of its organizers, since I'd like to write them & find out what I can do.

for peace & freedom,
Marybeth Beetham

Earth People's Park - temp. address
295 Warren St.
Brooklyn, New York 11201

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very truly yours,
Mike Sponseller

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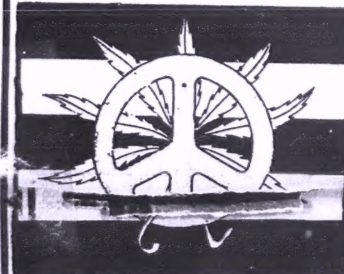
Memo from Paul Krassner -

There is an interview with Bob Dylan by me which has been appearing in various underground papers. Just for the record, not only did I not interview Dylan, I also didn't even make it up. Somebody (probably Marvin Garson, editor of the *Good Times*) has played a double-whammy hoax. Nor, as the introduction stated, have I given up publishing the *Realist*. The anniversary issue is just delayed, that's all.

Power to the slogans.



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MODELS wanted. Pretty girls with above average figures needed for nude/figure photography in the "classic" style. Very serious work, good pay, Photographer has excellent references, and all work done in strictest confidence. Write the Imagegraphics, c/o HARRY.

Conspiracy Behind Bars

CHICAGO (LNS) — The cluttered defense table at the trial of the Conspiracy Eight in Chicago was finally cleared of defendants Feb. 15, as the last of the men on trial for conspiring to riot at the 1968 Democratic National Convention were sentenced to prison terms for contempt of Julius Hoffman's court.

Hoffman, who gagged, chained and jailed Black Panther leader Bobby Seale for contempt last October, also sentenced both defense lawyers, Bill Kunstler and Len Weinglass, to prison for "attempting to sabotage the Federal judicial system."

Kunstler's 4-year, 22-day sentence is the longest that Hoffman has yet imposed — longer even than the four years that Bobby Seale is now serving — and the harshest contempt jail term ever given out anywhere in a U.S. court.

With the jury's deliberations only minutes old, Hoffman was already reading 34 counts of contempt of court against Dave Dellinger.

Reading verbatim from the trial's transcript, the judge scored Dellinger's shouted support of Bobby Seale when the Black Panther leader was shackled by the judge. Hoffman ran through instance after instance when Dellinger spoke out against the political nature of the trial, the lies and the distortions.

When Hoffman was through, he gave Dellinger a chance to speak. Dave talked about the war against Vietnam and about racism in this country.

The judge told him that the trial was not about politics.

Dave told the judge that that is exactly what the trial is about.

Judge Hoffman warned him not to go on talking about things like that.

But Dave kept on talking.

"Sit down, Mr. Dellinger. Mister Marshall, have that man sit down," the judge said.

Dave's daughter, Tasha, applauded her father. Judge Hoffman looked at her, furious, and ordered her thrown out. She had been excluded from the trial the day before for an "outburst," and was allowed in only when she promised to "behave" herself.

Tasha gripped the back of her seat as a burly woman marshal pulled her to the ground.

The courtroom exploded. Several Conspiracy staff members hurled themselves into the middle of the melee to protect Tasha. Screams and shouts rang out and the entire room was on its feet.

Dave tore himself from the marshals and ran up to Tasha, shouting, "That's



my daughter! They're hitting my daughter! Leave my daughter alone!"

As Tasha was dragged from the court, she shouted, "You fucking Hitler!" at Hoffman, while the marshals, spectators, reporters and staff exchanged punches and shouts.

As Dave was taken from the court, he turned, raised his fist, and said, "Right on, beautiful people! Right on, black people, poor people, young people. Right on!" Just before he got to the door, he turned, smiled, and said, "Not to mention Latin Americans!"

Several spectators and reporters clapped, and were ejected from the court.

As Dave left for the lock-up, Rennie Davis looked at the judge and exclaimed, "You just jailed one of the most beautiful, courageous people in the United States."

Hoffman smiled: "Well, then, let's talk about you next, Mr. Davis."

Rennie got 23 counts (which amounted, he said, to 22 minutes of "disruption" in a trial of five and a half months,) and he was sentenced to 24 months in prison.

One contempt citation came down when Rennie brought into court a birthday cake for Bobby Seale. It was confiscated before he could bring it into the courtroom, so when he saw Bobby inside, he shouted, "They've arrested your cake, Bobby."

"I've heard enough about Bobby Seale!" shouted a purple-faced Hoffman at one point in Rennie's statement. "Do you know what that man called me?"

"A racist, a fascist and a pig," shouted Rennie.

"You know how many times he called me that?" the judge asked.

"Many times," said Rennie, "and not enough," adding:

"You represent all that is ole, ugly, repressive and bigoted in this country, and the spirit at this (defense) table is going to destroy you."

Tom Hayden's contempt sentence will keep him inside (aside from whatever time he and the other defendants spend on the conspiracy charges) for 14 months, on 11 citations — for raising a fist in greeting to a friend, for refusing to stand for the judge, for mentioning, in front of

the jury, how former Attorney General Ramsey Clark was barred from court as a defense witness.

Tom's pre-sentencing statement ran for 15 minutes, in measured, intellectual tones. He primarily ran down what he knew about the Ramsey Clark incident, mentioning how Justice Department officials had tried to convince Clark not to testify.

Finally, Tom talked about how punishment would affect him. Tears welling in his eyes, he explained that there is only one thing regrets about being shipped off to prison. "I want to have a child," he said between two very long pauses.

Hoffman recovered from his seemingly half-sympathy for Tom and remarked nastily: "The Federal system can't help you with that, Mr. Hayden."

Hayden retorted: "The Federal system can't help you stop a new world from being born, Judge Hoffman."

Abbie Hoffman's contempt sentence was surprisingly short, eight months on 23 contempt citations. The charges came down for Abbie's running comic commentary, for his bitter though sometimes laughing attacks on the judge, for baring his body, for donning judicial robes in court, for refusing to stand, for dancing, for making noise.

"The only way you can win this case, Julie, is by putting us in jail for contempt. And we are in contempt. Of this system, this court — and of you, Schultz."

The judge ordered him into his seat.

"I can talk from here, too," Abbie said to a marshal. "Where decorum is repression, the only dignity that free men have is to speak out. When I was a witness, the prosecution asked me on cross-examination what I was wondering about at a certain time, I've never been on trial for my dreams before. How can I have respect for what you call the highest court in the land when it puts me on trial for my dreams?" said Abbie with a strained voice. "The people are the highest court in the land!"

Judge Hoffman then ran off the contempt sentence and marshals led Abbie out. Just before he left the court, Abbie went up to his wife, Anita, kissed her, and said, "Don't forget to water the plants."

Judge Hoffman was getting tired, so Abbie was the last defendant to disappear into the pen that afternoon. Jerry Rubin, John Froines and Lee Weiner were saved for the next morning, a Sunday. So were Bill Kunstler and Len Weinglass; Hoffman had already announced that they were in for it also.

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Five Found Guilty of Thought Crime

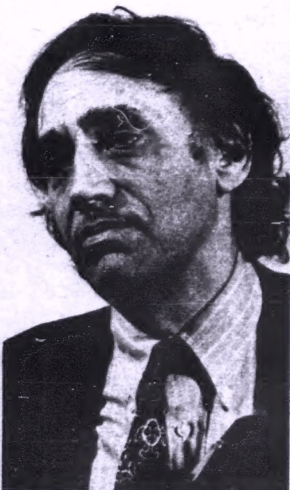
David Dellinger, Rennie Davis, Tom Hayden, Jerry Rubin, and Abbie Hoffman have been convicted of violation of the Anti-Riot Law, but have been acquitted on the charge of conspiracy. Lee Weiner and John Froines were acquitted on both charges.

The law under which the five were convicted, Title 18, United States Code, Section 2101, was passed as an amendment to the Civil Rights Act of 1968. Pushed through under the prodding of Senator Strom Thurmond, and over the objections of then-Attorney General Ramsey Clark, the bill was designed to get those outside agitators that Senator Thurmond believed to be the cause of ghetto riots. This law makes it a crime to travel from one state to another, write a letter, make a phone call, speak on radio or tv, etc., with intent to encourage any person to participate in a riot. A riot is defined as an act of violence by one or more person in an assemblage of three or more which results in injury to the property of any person.

Many of us were upset when we heard that David Hilliard was arrested for speaking of killing the president. The five men convicted in Chicago were charged with thinking of starting a riot.

The Conspiracy chose to use the trial as a forum, rather than just thinking in terms of acquittal. They made it clear that it was not only themselves who were on trial, but our whole culture.

In times when due process seemed more of a reality, the chances for reversal of the decision on appeal would have seemed good. With civil liberties in the hands of men like G. Harrold Carswell, hope comes less easily.



William Kunstler

cont. from p. 1

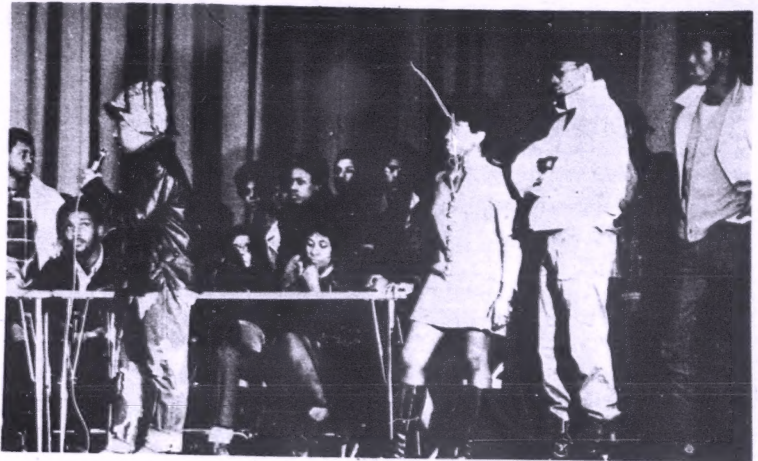
said that there was a large percentage of the students who were reacting violently, were reacting to what came down at Eastern, but of course there were a large number of students who 1) wanted to get out of school for the day and 2) just wanted to raise a little hell (or a lot of hell.)

Then some City students tried to cross Loch Raven Blvd. in order to get to Eastern, they were met by a line of police. Both sides remained stationary until the students stoned a bus. This prompted the police to fire off a volley of tear gas grenades. The crowd dispersed and both schools were dismissed for the day.

The crucial aspect to remember about what came down at Eastern is that the violence was NOT caused by the teacher shouting "black bastard" or "black bitch" at the student. The black students of Baltimore are used to being fucked over by racist teachers. The violence was precipitated by the fact that Balden, the principal, took no action on the demands of Black Voice, and that the police were called and — what's the term, OVER RE-ACTED is the polite phrase.

There were student actions at Forest Park H.S., at the Department of Education, and at War Memorial Plaza in the three days following. There were more arrests too.

On Wednesday, things started happening at Poly. One hundred and fifty students remained in the cafeteria after the beginning of classes. According to the principal William J. Gerardi, he asked to meet with representatives of the group. The students at first refused but later elec-



ted three representatives. When talks broke down, the students chained and locked the doors and barricaded themselves in with tables and chairs. Gerardi then gave them three choices; they were (according to him) "Identify a group of representatives and go to class with no re-criminations; identify a group of representatives and leave the grounds;" or get busted.

An overwhelming majority of the students stayed and were arrested — amazingly without violence. A total of 95 were arrested according to police reports.

Now Baltimore Superintendent of Schools, Thomas Sheldon, the smoothest little bullshitter in the city government, said at his press conference Wednesday, that the actions at Poly were "in sympathy" of the actions of the other city high school students. He implied that the Poly students have no grievances.

Bull Shit — according to a Poly student. He told me "Demands were presented to the Administration members in a legitimate manner. The entire editorial board (of the Poly Press, the "student" newspaper) wanted the demands listed in the Poly paper, but the advisor refused to allow the demands to be printed. The confrontation at Poly... is an attempt to bring out or dramatize the problems at Poly and bring forth the demands the Administration so blatantly ignored."

This dude Sheldon is the highest paid public official in the state — at \$50,000 a year. Can you dig what he got up and said at his press conference on Wednesday? He said that the Eastern incident was NOT a racial issue. WHAT? He said that it was caused by the teacher's use of profanity. As I stated before — this had little to do with provoking the violence.

About an hour after the press conference the very heavy verbal confrontation at Poly auditorium began. It included, from the city government: D'Alesandro; Sheldon; George Russel, city solicitor; three city councilmen — all black; Henry Parks — soon to be President of the School Board; two Mitchells; a judge; and some lesser officials of the Department of Education.

cont. on p. 12



"I'm glad you young people have seen fit to protest nonviolently. It shows you're civilized. Now get out."

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ONE FLEW INTO THE CUCKOO'S NEST

from LEE SHERMAN

The guard at the Baltimore City Jail finally removed the handcuffs that had been painfully tight and shoved me in front of the admissions officer. Simultaneously picking his nose and popping a handful of Jujubes into his mouth, he stared at the blank form as if seeing one for the very first time. He alternated hands and looked up at me.

"Are you a communist?" he squeaked.

"No."

"Homosexual?"

"No."

"Use drugs?"

"No."

"Ever been arrested before?"

"No."

"Ok, then sign this."

"No."

"What?!"

"No."

"Maybe you don't understand, I'm not asking you to sign this, I'm telling you."

"I appreciate your clarification, but the response is still No."

Leaning over the counter as to afford himself a better position for encircling my neck with his chubby fingers and pumping my head for emphasis, he asked one last time, "Are you going to sign this, you little bastard?"

"No," I croaked.

He released his grip, slumped back in his chair and stared at me for a full minute.

"Why not?"

"Simply because I don't choose to."

"No visitors. Jack his bail up to \$12,500. Throw him in the hole, three days bread and water."

"You can keep your bread." I interrupted him, and

existed on water alone. At the end of which time I instructed them: "At some point in your evolutionary progress you are going to have to come face to face with the realization that you can not manipulate your fellow human beings with fear and coercion. And as a Son of God, I feel it only fair to warn you: YOU CAN'T BREAK ME."

And they couldn't. But it was only in the weeks to follow that I was to learn how really close they could come.

Reflecting back on past events was the most painful of all. Was it really Divine Revelation that led me to this circumstance, or am I stone crazy? Is there really a God the Father, or am I a complete megalomaniac?

The only assurance I could give myself was that, given the opportunity, I would have done exactly the same thing again.

But assurance is a frail commodity in places such as this; it couldn't help me from crying myself to sleep that night, and it couldn't help me from asking, "Father, did I fuck up?"

"Past. Hey man, wake up."

I bolted upright in my cot. Three days of beatings, arm twistings, and being banged off of walls had left me somewhat shell shocked. And now, less than half an hour after the lights were turned out, this massive black man in a turnkey's uniform was standing at the bars of my cell. What now? What in the hell could they find left to do to me?

"May I help you?"

"Yeah man, stick your hand here."

"Why?" I asked cautiously.

"Because I want to shake it."

As I approached the bars, he extended his hand upright in an Aquarian Age

handshake, looked into my very soul, and said, "I know where your head is at man, cause I see light all around you. I can't help you now, but your day is coming up. I'll be praying for you to hit the street. God bless you brother."

"And you as well, brother."

He walked away and I never saw him again.

I was too excited to sleep. I really wasn't crazy! Or at least if I was crazy, I wasn't the only one. Either way, I had found a brother! Thank you Father, thank you for the brother. I think I'm going to be ok now. I think I got it together.

"Get those fuckin' shoes on."



It didn't sound right, it just didn't sound right. There was no reason in the world why he should be talking like that. Even if it was his jail. And furthermore his demand was especially inapprop because I had put one of my "fuckin' shoes" on already.

I slid the shoe off, placed it gently beside the other one, and dropped the bomb.

"I don't think I'll wear any shoes today."

The impact of my words was nothing compared to the impact of my skull as it crashed into the wall. We were all over that cell. He shook and banged me off of everything that didn't get out of the way. Finally, he threw me on the floor, kicked the shoes in my face and said, "Well now, 'brother', are you going to wear shoes today?"

"No sir, not this day nor any day from here on in."

Dragging me out of the cell by the hair and twisting my arm behind my back, we galloped down the corridor.

Well, here we go skyrocketing off on another new adventure!

I smiled regally at the astonished guards and prisoners as we loped by.

Boy! did this guy have a short fuse. I imagine under provocation, he could really prove dangerous.

Reaching the end of the corridor, he threw me down into a wooden chair and stomped off.

Only to be replaced by his immediate superior, who demanded to know, "What did you do to that guard?"

Are you shitting me?!

"Nothing," I replied.

"Did you hit him?"

"No."

"Don't lie to me, punk."

"I don't lie."

"Then what did you do to make him so mad?"

"I didn't feel like wearing shoes," I said, holding my feet up and wiggling my toes in affirmation.

He swore a mighty oath.

The first guard reappeared, having calmed down almost to the point of coherency. Still out of breath, he pro-

claimed: "We're tired of all this brother shit."

Well hell now, that explains it! For a little while there I thought their actions were completely unjustifiable.

We all went upstairs to talk to the shrinks.

WoW! Did I get looked at! They acted like they had never even seen a Son of God before.

They asked me on what authority had I wreaked havoc on the mural at Johns Hopkins University. I just winked and pointed towards the ceiling. The interview was concluded shortly thereafter.

It was downstairs for a change of clothes; it seems I was going traveling.

At least I got a chance to talk to Jimmie, he worked in the clothing issue room. But Jimmie was uptight about something.

I met Jimmie two days ago. As soon as I walked into the clothing room, he said he would like to offer me five dollars for the vest I was wearing. I said, "I guess you would pal, seeing as how I paid twenty-five dollars for it at the Bum Steer only four days ago." He said "Yeah, but five bucks is all I got, and besides, you probably won't need it for quite a while." I weighed his words; he had a damn good point there. "In that case," I said, removing the vest, "please accept it as a gift." He stared at me for a long time and when he spoke, he wasn't as intent on striking a bargain.

"How about if I borrow five and give you ten for it?"

"How about if you just take the vest."

"Would you like some writing paper?"

I can get you some writing paper. How about a Bible, my buddy upstairs has a Bible. How about if I send you twenty-five bucks when I get out?"

"How about if you just take the god-damn vest, man."

He was happy for two days, wearing the vest over his prison clothes, but now he was uptight.

"What's happening man?" I asked.

"It don't look too good."

"How is that?"

"Not for you, anyway," he said, avoiding my questioning gaze.

"How is that?"

His voice broke as he said, "Because you're going to Crownsville."

The name meant nothing to me at the time, but I find that now, over a year later, my voice sometimes breaks when I mention that name. Sometimes it busts all to hell.

There was one last stop. I had to go to the clinic for a needle. "Why a needle? For the first time since my incarceration, I felt terror creeping into my very essence."

"To calm you down," I was told.

Oh wow. I had remained placid through beatings, benevolent through insults, and serene through every degradation; now I was getting something to calm me down. Oh wow.

They held me across a cot and gave

me the needle. Within twenty minutes my head was erupting and I was so nauseous I could barely stand.

The guard clamped the handcuffs on so tight I couldn't open and close my hands. I wondered if he was doing it on purpose.

"Tight enough for you, 'brother,'" He inquired. My wondering ceased.

I walked barefoot through the snow to the squad car.

I couldn't believe it. An hour before I had been a living, vital human being. Now I prayed for death like I had never prayed for anything before. It was unreal. It couldn't be happening. The difference was one small needle!

The thirst. Oh my God, the thirst. My tongue was swollen, my mouth and throat were bone dry. I begged the guards for a drink. "Just sit back and enjoy the ride, 'brother.'" I slumped on the floor, moaning.

My head was screwed up. I heard my higher Self say, "I was thirsty and you gave me to drink." And I heard my lower Self say, "You made out better than I did, Buddy."

They carried/dragged me into the admissions office.

I asked the girl in charge, "Please, may I have some place to lay down." "You'll just have to wait until you're processed, besides, we have no available beds in this building."

"No room at the inn, huh?"

"That's right," she giggled. She must have thought I was a real gas.

I collapsed in the middle of the waiting room floor. As sweet, divine, blissful unconscious! But it didn't last.

I awoke to find myself the object of an object lesson.

"Now you take this young man," he said, pointing at my inert body and explaining to the rest of the visitors, "Look at him, he probably could have been a doctor or lawyer or even a minister. You see what drink can do to you."

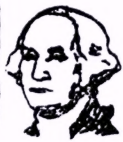
I just laid my head back down and closed my eyes.

Too much, man, too much.



☆☆☆

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY BILL BRAY



Abbie and Rennie at College Park

by FREE

photographs by GLENN EHASZ

Rennie Davis and Abbie Hoffman, 2 of the Chicago Conspiracy defendants, spoke before a large crowd of young people at the U. of Md. armory on Sun. Feb. 8. Rennie, who spoke first, described undercover testimony given to the effect that he had tried to lure daughters of delegates to the Democratic Convention of 1968 into Grant Park for dope and sex... a big laugh. Or he was described training demonstrators to get up front and kick cop shins thus provoking brutality.

Rennie held up a round fragmentation pellet personnel bomblet he had shown at the trial. "The only defendant on trial here," he said, "is the U.S. government — and you in this audience are the only jury. The government says their bombing in North Vietnam is strategic, but his bomb is designed for people, not institutions. When the so-called jury returns a verdict — if it is guilty," Davis advised, "take action against your own oppressors — college trustees, high school principals..." Rennie also looked ahead to de-

monstrations at airports that would warn travellers about crossing state lines to incite riot, and he predicted massive disruptions of the 1972 presidential party conventions.

Then Abbott Hoffman up to rap: "Hi, my names' Johnny Cash."

"Liberals approach us," Abbie said, "and say, wow, what a trial — like Christs', Socrates', the Scottsboro boys. But they all lost — we're gonna win — we'll put them on trial and we'll hang 'em."

He warned Justice Department officials "Herr Kleindienst, Mitchell and his krauts" that "we are a conspiracy — youth culture against imperialism, senility, boredom, and dying pig kulcher."

Hoffman, who along with Davis risked contempt for making speeches "vilifying the court," closed by saying, "Fuck you, Julie, you runt," in reference to Judge Julius Hoffman and he commented on the trial in general by quoting F.E. Cummings: "There is some shit we will not eat."

FLOWER CHILD ON TRIAL

by DAVE EBERHARDT

What was Les doing? I feared for him. All the morning of his trial Feb. 16 in Baltimore federal court for the Silver Springs Md. draft board raid, he spent jumping up hollering — making some fine raps — confusing the jury with allusions to imperialism in South America or Shell oil in Biafra. It was the first jury I'd seen that wasn't impassive — these jurors smirked and giggled at Les sitting so lonely up there — defending himself in his raggedy jail outfit (Les is serving a 5 year sentence for confusing induction.) He had "Off Power" with a fist drawn on the back of his jacket.

From time to time Les would turn to us in the audience and give the fist high sign. There were numerous incidents in the gallery — some ushered out for not standing for the judge, some — myself included, ushered out for showing the fist, others warned for clapping or saying "Right On."

At one point the prosecution handed pictures taken of the raid by FBI over to Les to look at. He did for a minute, showed us the "shambles" happily, thought for a moment, then tossed the whole packet high into the air. They



fluttered all directions. But Judge Thompson was not anxious for contempt — he remained fatherly. This same judge who tried the Catonsville 9, and was still saying, "The war is not the issue in this case," would smile at Les, debate with

him:

"If I'm wrong, why then an appeals court will correct me."

Les: "In 5 years, if you don't listen to me, people will be coming in here and really tearing up — breaking windows... tables..."

Judge: "You don't want that kind of atmosphere, do you? I'm here to keep military justice from taking over..."

Les: "I don't know where you live, but where I live it's already here."

Les had made some fine points through the morning: "How many times have you or the marshals eaten with someone you've convicted? Let the marshals put their pistols on the table. We don't know anything about violence, do we? I'm guilty as sin, let's get on to real issues. Last time I was in court I read from the bible and threw flower petals around... what'd it get me — 5 years. Like I'm the prodigal son, eh? Dad's gonna sit with me? This is justice (holding up a picture of a napalmed Vietnamese child.) You mean I'm going to be tried by people who have no opinions" (after prospective jurors said they had no opinions about the war that would prejudice the case.) Les chose one juror who said he was prejudiced against resisters because the man "was honest enough to express his opinion." Les said to the judge, "You are nothing but a maintenance man for colonialism. I hate to say it because it detracts from my humanness, but revolution is the only thing. Even bank robbery is good. What do I have to do to commit contempt?"

Then, after lunch, Les seemed more composed — momentarily. "I don't care if the jury never comes back — let's all just go home, say, this has been a bad day — I've been a monster today — this is no way of relating to people." Then, his voice raising, "I'm up to here (neck) in the shit... I'm tired... I'm sick and disgusted." Les was shouting it out. He stopped, looked at the defense table in front of him. Then he charged it, turned it all the way over up towards the judge, wires ripping out of the floor. The marshals wrestled him out of the court, and this reporter didn't see him again, as this reporter was taken out of the court building.

I later learned that was about it. Les was able to waive the jury proceeding. The judge, after lecturing young people in the gallery ("I believe in the same things you do, it's just a matter of method...") sentenced Les to 3 years to run concurrent with his present 5 year sentence.

And now a word from your friendly, neighborhood BLACK PANTHER

by CHAKA MASAI

Lieutenant of Information
Baltimore Chapter, B.P.P.

Unless you own the means of production here in Amerikkka, then you will have no justice... unless you bend to the will of fascist, racist puppets, there is no justice here in fascist Amerikkka, unless you are willing to stand in the wings of liberation and voice your human and constitutional rights, then you don't deserve any justice... here in fascist Amerikkka!

On Sept. 5, 1969, the agents of fascism and racism, the infamous Baltimore Police Dept., kidnapped (arrested), brutalized, and threatened to kill, John Clark, Sherry Brown, and Raymond Jones and myself, all members of the Balto. Chapter of the B.P.P. and all charged with "disorderly conduct." Now dig, the police (pigs) arrested us because John Clark and the brothers accompanying him were asking the people in the community to deal with their own problems; we called out to the "listening" community to come forth and resolve the affairs that had risen in our community. During this time, members of the Black Panther Party and our community were rounded up like cattle, like goats and chickens. Those members of the Black Panther Party and the community who were kidnapped that night were charged with "crimes" which in reality were the political dissents of black and oppressed people of the communities.

When the court date came around, Feb. 3, 1970, the members of the Black Panther Party who were to stand trial were supported by people from the communities. The only witnesses produced by the "State's Attorney" were the two pig policemen who were supposed to have arrested John, Sherry, Raymond and myself. The two fascist clowns that "oinked" to the judge, Basil Thomas, were so confused and dumbfounded that they had to use notes, lies and misinformation, to sustain their hierarchy of oppression in our communities. There was no use of

justice in the courts, because there was no justice to be found! The members of the Black Panther Party were subjected to the atrocities of courtroom fascism, and whatever we had to say was condemned and branded as "out of order." With the jury being tainted with the lies of the States Attorney, there was no justice to be found!

After five and one half hours of deliberation, the jury returned with their verdicts:

John Clark — guilty of disorderly conduct and disturbing the peace.

Masai — guilty of interfering with a "pig" and resisting arrest.

Sherry Brown — guilty of interfering with a "pig."

Raymond Jones — guilty of interfering with a "pig" and resisting arrest.

Clearly, fascism and racism presided in the court, when justice should have been exacted. We were sentenced to 90 days in jail with the sentence suspended, and a total of \$356.00 in court costs to be paid by March 4, 1970. Even with the combined efforts of the FBI, the CID and local "pig" department, we are still on the streets to serve the people, and we aren't going to worry about what's going to happen to us. If we worry about what's going to happen to us, we couldn't accomplish anything... Justice is gonna come when the mass of people rise up and see justice done... The more they try to come down on us, the more we'll expose them for what they are... PIGS!



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Direct Examination

BY MR. FORAN:

Q. Would you state your name, please?

A. Franklin Kujawa, III.

Q. Please keep your voice up.

MR. KUNSTLER: We didn't get the name.

THE WITNESS: Franklin Kujawa, III.

Q. Try to speak all the way to the back, Mr. Kujawa. It is hard to hear in this courtroom.

What is your occupation?

A. Baltimore County Police cadet.

Q. How long have you been a Baltimore County Police Cadet?

THE COURT: Mr. Marshal, will you instruct the spectators there in the first row that if they can't refrain from loud laughter, they will have to leave.

A VOICE: — staff —

THE COURT: Even so-called staff members may not laugh out loud at a witness or at anybody else.

BY MR. FORAN:

Q. Keep your voice up and speak slowly. It is difficult to hear you in this courtroom with what goes on.

A. Yes, sir.

Q. How long have you been a police cadet?

A. About two and a half years.

Q. What are your duties?

A. Undercover agent.

Q. Directing your attention to September 19, 1969, at approximately — at about 9:00 o'clock in the evening, where were you?

A. I was at the University of Maryland, Catonsville Campus, Baltimore, Maryland.

MR. KUNSTLER: I think this is a little outside the scope of this trial.

THE COURT: I can't tell.

MR. KUNSTLER: All we had to do with our witnesses was mention a date this far in the future and your Honor sustained an objection.

THE COURT: You haven't objected, but treating your remark as an objection, I over-rule the objection.

BY MR. FORAN:

Q. At that time, Mr. Kujawa, what did you observe?

A. I observed a large group of approximately 1,500 to 2,000 people standing southeast of the University lecture hall, looking toward a platform.

Q. Were there any speakers on the platform?

A. Yes, there was a representative of the school who introduced Paul Krassner who in turn introduced an Abbie Hoffman.

Q. Did Abbie Hoffman speak from that platform?

A. Yes, he did.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, again we object; we are getting into a speech sometime a few months ago and some 13 months after the convention. We object. This is wholly outside the scope of this indictment.

THE COURT: I over-rule the objection.

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, in cross examining the defendant Hoffman, in response to a question by Mr. Schultz — Mr. Schultz asked him a specific question concerning a specific statement referring to this:

"Question: At the University of

Maryland, in Baltimore County, in any event, Mr. Hoffman, did you not urge the people to come to Chicago for the trial, this trial, and then say to them that they should use a pop bottle."

and so on?

THE COURT: I suggest —

MR. FORAN: And Mr. Hoffman then denied it.

THE COURT: I suggest you go no further.

MR. FORAN: That is why I stopped, your Honor.

THE COURT: I over-rule the objection.



Cadet Frank Kujawa III
(courtroom artist's drawing)

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, that is still wholly irrelevant. What has that got to do with his state of mind —

MR. FORAN: Mr. Hoffman denied that he made that statement.

MR. KUNSTLER: — with events in 1968?

THE COURT: I over-rule the objection. It is not wholly irrelevant. It is not irrelevant at all.

BY MR. FORAN:

Q. Do you see Mr. Hoffman here in the courtroom today, Mr. Kujawa?

A. Yes, I do.

Q. Would you identify him, please?

A. He is wearing the yellow shirt with the black stripes with a little red thing on his chest.

MR. FORAN: May the record show, your Honor, that the witness has identified the defendant Hoffman?

THE COURT: The record may so indicate.

BY MR. FORAN:

Q. Now, what did Mr. Hoffman state at that time concerning Chicago, Mr. Kujawa?

MR. WEINGLASS: Your Honor, Mr. Foran phrases the question as if he is talking about Chicago 1968. He is talking about five days before this trial began, which is Chicago 1969, and the witness is about to relate a speech which has absolutely nothing to do with the Democratic Convention here in August of 1968, but perhaps had something to do with the commencement of this trial in September

of 1969. Those are two wholly unrelated events separated by approximately 13 months in time and I submit it is highly improper for the Government to place before this jury evidence of anything that occurred as late as 13 months after the convention ceased and with respect to a totally unrelated event and I object to it very strongly.

And if the Government is going to persist in this, I will move for a mistrial on the grounds that it is so prejudicial and so irrelevant as to preclude a fair trial of this case.

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, may I respond?

THE COURT: Yes, you may.

MR. FORAN: Mr. Schultz asked on cross examination of Mr. Hoffman —

MR. KUNSTLER: We objected.

MR. WEINGLASS: We objected to that.

MR. FORAN: They did not, your Honor. That is a misstatement. I am looking at the record and there is no objection to the question at all. The question was asked by Mr. Schultz in order to establish the intent of the defendant Hoffman by statements made subsequent to the event which is proper under the law. The reference, if Mr. Weinglass will await what the witness is going to testify to, he will see that it is directly consistent with the question that Mr. Schultz asked him. It did refer to Chicago. It referred to the time of the Chicago convention. And Mr. Hoffman denied it. Mr. Hoffman denied he said it and we are proving he did say it, your Honor.

THE COURT: While objection has not been made, I treat the remarks of Mr. Weinglass as an objection and over-rule it. Your may answer.

MR. WEINGLASS: Your Honor, if Mr. Foran will read that denial instead of saying —

THE COURT: I have over-ruled.

MR. WEINGLASS: I would like to have that read by Mr. Hoffman.

MR. FORAN: I will give it.

"In any event, Mr. Hoffman, at that meeting —" This is Mr. Schultz's question — "at the University of Maryland in Baltimore County —"

MR. WEINGLASS: You don't have to read the question, Mr. Foran, just the answer.

MR. FORAN: "In any event, Mr. Hoffman, at that meeting did you not urge the people to come to Chicago for the trial, this trial, and then say to them that they should use a pop bottle in which they should place a little bit of dirt, a little bit of ivory soap and gasoline and a long rag, and then stand by and wait for a pig car to drive by and when it does, you light the rag, and throw it at that pig car. In order to get rid of the establishment, you have to kill the pigs?"

"A. I don't believe I used that phrasology and talked that way, no."

THE COURT: I have over-ruled the objection. You may answer. Do you remember what the question was? Please read the question to the witness.

MR. FORAN: I will ask this question.

BY MR. FORAN:

Q. What did Mr. Hoffman state that

you heard at the University of Maryland, Mr. Kujawa.

A. He stated he wanted all the kids that were gathered there at this assembly type place to either get car pools or take buses or fly, get any way possible to go to Chicago on the day of their trial, his trial, he stated, and to meet at the Lincoln Park and make a people's park out of that, and then to go to the Federal Building and fight the pigs just as they had done a year ago.

Q. And what else did he state?

A. He stated to take a pop bottle, put a little bit of dirt in the bottom of it, a little bit of Ivory soap, gasoline, and a rag. Shake it up and wait for a pig's car to go by, light it, throw it at the pig's car and that was in order to get rid of the establishment, you have to kill the pigs first.

MR. FORAN: That is all, your Honor.

There is a matter under Title 18.

THE COURT: Is it necessary to excuse the jury?

MR. FORAN: I believe so, your Honor.

THE COURT: Ladies and gentlemen, I will have to excuse you for a few minutes with my usual orders.

MR. WEINGLASS: If the Court please, the Government bringing this witness into this courtroom to testify about a matter that happened 13 months after the convention is so totally and wholly improper that we won't dignify it with cross examination.

MR. FORAN: I move that that statement of Mr. Weinglass' be stricken and the jury be directed to disregard it.

THE COURT: I do so direct the jury and order the jury to disregard it. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the statement of Mr. Weinglass will be stricken from the record, and I direct you to disregard it wholly. You may go, sir. You may step down.

THE WITNESS: Thank you.

(Witness excused.)

A VOICE: And get a haircut.

MR. SCHULTZ: The witnesses, your Honor, should not be abused. They should not be humiliated. They are people, and they have dignity and they have feelings. They shouldn't be laughed at.

THE COURT: I agree with that, Mr. Schultz. I have had great difficulty with that throughout this trial.

MR. SCHULTZ: Your Honor, these defendants who say they have such compassion for human beings abuse these people.

MR. KUNSTLER: Oh, your Honor, are we going to go through this, your Honor?

THE COURT: I think I will. I wasn't going to, but I will.

MR. KUNSTLER: I was talking about Mr. Schultz, your Honor.

THE COURT: I direct those sitting at that table and any others here not to laugh at the witnesses as they go from the witness chair, who come here as citizens to testify in a trial in the United States District Court. I am going through it again.

MR. KUNSTLER: I said Mr. Schultz is going through that again.

THE COURT: Oh, well, if he hadn't raised it, perhaps I might have myself. Please proceed.

Spread the Word.



CUSTOM LEATHER GOODS,
OLD CLOTHES, etc.; etc.



2406 NORTH CHARLES ST.



It's Against the Law to Pee in the Streets

by JERRY RUBIN

The revolution satisfies deep human needs denied by American society. That's why it's so dangerous. The biggest social problem in the country today is loneliness.

What are you doing tonight?

I don't know, Marty, what are you doing tonight?

Loneliness is not an individual problem — it's the collective problem of millions of Americans, growing out of the alienating environment we live in. We work in one part of town with people who are not our friends, and we sleep in another part of town and don't know our neighbors. We waste much of our life dying in mobile concentration camps called freeways or commuter trains.

Where in the city can we go to make friends? Where can we leap out of our individual prisons and enjoy each other? The city is full of walls, locked doors, signs saying

DON'T

If someone you don't know says hello, you get uptight; "What's he want?" It's taboo to talk to strangers. Everybody's hustling. The streets are paved with terror, the city a prison for the soul.

The car, a box, transports lonely people from the box where they sleep to the box where they work, and then back to the box where they sleep. Americans relate to each other as drivers of other cars; the only good driver is the one who takes another road. People killed on freeways are casualties of a war every bit as fucked up as Vietnam.

The streets are for Business, not People. You can't sit in a restaurant without buying food; you can't read magazines in a store — you gotta buy, buy, buy — move on, move on. What if you're in the middle of a city and suddenly you have to take a shit?

Tough shit.

We are liberating the city, turning the streets into our living rooms. We live, work, eat, play and sleep together with our friends on the streets. Power is our ability to stand on a street corner and do nothing. We are creating youth ghettos in every city, luring into the streets everyone who is bored at home, school or work. And everyone is looking for "something to do."

For us empty pockets means liberation — from draft cards, checkbooks, credit cards, registration papers — we are close to our naked bodies.

The hippie area becomes the first mass alternative to the American urban prison. Liberated neighborhoods are a great threat to capitalist city life. So the forces of Death — the business community, cops and politicians — conspire to wipe us out. And entire battery of laws — genocidal laws against the young — makes social life in the streets a crime.

If you don't hand a cop documentary proof of who you are, you can be arrested. To the state empty pocket: means vagrancy.

Watching the world from a street corner is loitering. Hitchhiking is a crime. It's against the law to panhandle, to rap to a crowd in the streets, to give out free food in the streets, to stop traffic. Playing a harmonica in the streets is illegal in Venice, California.

Two friends of mine were just arrested for the high political crime of pissing in the street. One was put into a mental hospital.

"Underage" kids caught on the streets are hauled straight to Juvenile Court.

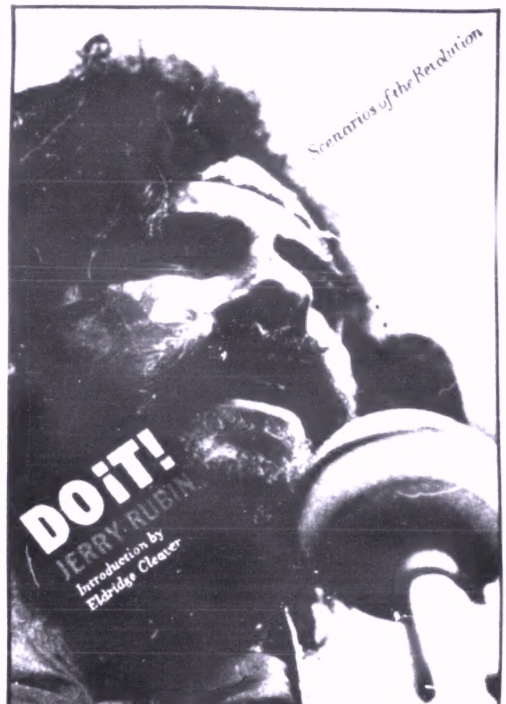
And when all else fails, they establish a curfew, a Nazi law designed to prevent us from getting together.

Those laws are designed to strike fear in the youth community. Although they exist on the books everywhere, they are enforced only in the ghetto. Cops patrol the hippie areas the way they patrol black communities, the way American soldiers patrol Vietnamese villages. Everyone is a likely enemy.

But the main strategy for destroying the free spirit is Business. "Psychiatric" stores try to steal the culture by selling fake artifacts to an emotion-starved Outside World. Camera-toting American tourists come through in buses and on foot, snapping pictures, laughing, squealing, pointing at us.

The streets turn into a hustle, a business section. We never know whom to trust. Burn artists and undercover cops flood the place; making it unsafe to buy or sell dope on the street.

We become an island in a capitalist sea, attacked and infiltrated from inside and



outside. The Death culture tries to destroy our Life Force and restructure the youth ghetto in its own image. We lack space in our own community — to breathe, conspire, celebrate, grow.

It is a war for land. Our survival depends on our ability to drive out the psychedelic exploiters, the invading pigs and the politicians, and create youth communities where dropouts from middle-class America can live.

Our goal is to create fires, blackouts, subway stoppages, strikes and snowstorms because only in crisis does liberation come to a city. People meet their neighbors for the first time while watching their apartment houses burn down. When the subway rumbles along, everyone acts as if no one else is aboard. As soon as there's a breakdown, people start talking to strangers. During snowstorms New York is a playground, an amusement park.

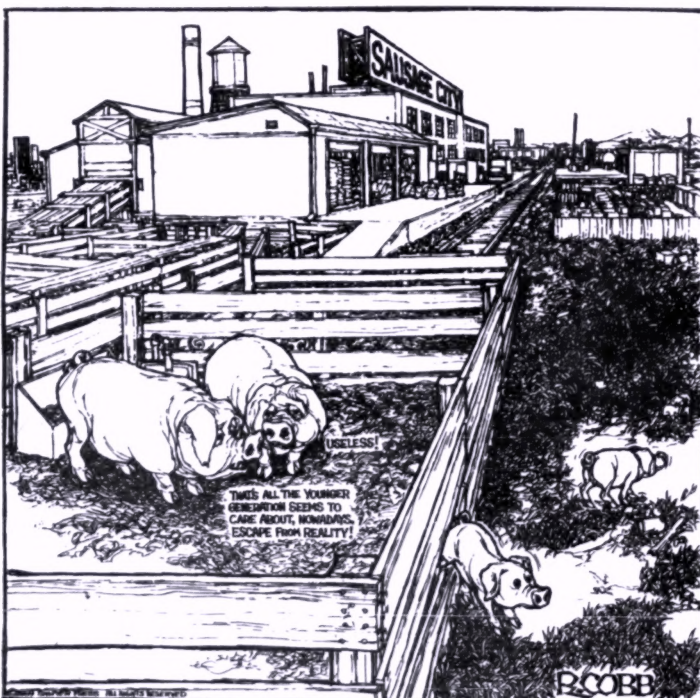
Crisis brings liberation to a city.

The revolution declares all land titles null and void. We are urban and rural liberators, seizing land for the people. No more "I own it!" People who believe they can own natural resources, industries or land are really candidates for mental institutions.

We will bring the war to the suburbs. The middle class creates suburbs as a sanctuary from the fire of the city. Children raised in the suburbs are treated mentally and physically retarded. If we are not safe in our communities, why should corporate executives be safe in theirs?

We'll get our own tourist buses, steal cameras, and ride through the suburbs squealing, laughing, snapping and pointing fingers. We will take the revolution to Scarsdale. In a revolution there are no sanctuaries.

(Editor's note: This is an excerpt from a forthcoming book by Jerry Rubin called "Do It!" It will be released by Simon and Schuster in February. The book contains 43 chapters and was laid out by Quentin Fiore, and includes more than 100 pictures, cartoons, and flipped-out McLuhanesque acid layout. Plus an introduction by Eldridge Cleaver.)



THINGS WENT BETTER WITH KOCH

by CHRISTOPHER RHINES

This is not, it seems, a good time for college presidents, which is no doubt both because and why there are so few good ones around. A big part of the problem is that while today's college students and their elders aren't at all on the same wave-length, those elders are on the boards of trustees, governing councils and legislative committees which (think they) control the student's colleges.

Just think back a few years to the persecution and assassination of Clark Kerr, performed by the Trustees of the University of California as staged by Ronald Reagan. Or take a good look at the slow dance just executed on the killing ground of Essex Community College by the Baltimore County Board of Education. Samler potatoes, agreed, but home-grown.

Dr. Moses H. Koch was not exactly shaped by nature to play the hero's role: he's rather short, rather bald, and wears a rather timid Pancho Villa mustache that looks like it was borrowed from a Hickory Pit pizza chef. Yet he's not quite an anti-hero either: he's never been shouted down, locked out, beaten upon or roughed up by his students. And lately he's been rallied around — although to little apparent avail — by not only the students of Essex C.C., but its staff and faculty, and a virtually unanimous cross-section of the eastern part of the County as well. Because he's been fired, or rather his resignation demanded and received, by the Board of Education, acting as Board of Trustees for the College.

Publicly, the Board, through its Chairman T. Bayard Williams, spoke of a "loss of confidence" in Dr. Koch, and of "insubordination" and the like. But not a single specific instance has been cited officially by the Board, despite the attempts of newsmen, college representatives, and Dr. Koch to elicit a formal statement which might be responded to.

Inevitably, local gossip brought forth innuendos, usually reflecting on the College faculty more than the mild Dr. Koch himself; "most of them don't believe in God," and "haven't you noticed how many single women there are on the faculty?" Others have been speaking of a long-standing personality clash between Koch and Chairman Williams, a view which gains a certain credibility from the autocratic Billy-Goat-Gruff manner with which Williams runs his Board. (The Board never seems to be divided, for instance, apparently having "worked out agreement" on all its problems in the secret executive sessions it holds before its regular meetings.)

The real controversy, however, seems to lie elsewhere, in the realm of basic understanding of what the hell a college is anyway, and how it therefore must be run. The lawyers, business executives, and dragon-ladies on the Board of Trustees seem to assume that higher education should be organized on the lines of a simple business enterprise. That is, the people in the room at the top give their orders to the College president who gives them ruler-subject relationship all the way. Thus, the Board's usual and evident boredom and even annoyance when members of the College community petition the Board for the standard five minutes in which to tell the Board, as though they heard, what the hell is happening on campus, or more deadly, what ought to be.

The fatal sin of "Mel" Koch seems to have been to believe in the concept of "shared governance," in which his administrators, faculty, and (o-mi-god) students participate regularly and fully in the determination of College policies. This has gone on a lot at Essex, and still does. And so, at various times, Koch has had to tell his employers that his "subordinates" — to the faculty which gives them to the students. It is an employer-employee,

staff and students — do not agree with them. Which the Board has, at various times, cared not to hear.

On a cloudy Groundhog's Day, Dr. Koch looked for his shadow, and not seeing it, tendered his resignation, complete with a reading from the Report of the President's Commission on Violence which warned about the dangers of distant and insensitive governance in higher education. But in winning the battle, the Board may will have started the process by which it loses the war. For years, the Board has been mouthing protestations that it doesn't really like taking care of Baltimore County's community colleges, and hasn't time to do a good job at it, and intends to ask the Governor to establish a new and separate board to relieve it of the burden. Yet, for years, the present Board has never quite seen fit to follow through on this promise. Now, in the general indignation following the Koch affair, the Board may be running out of everyone else's patience. Legislation introduced in the State's General Assembly will take the colleges away from the present board, with or without its consent, if passed. (There is no doubt the Governor Mandel would sign such a bill if adopted by the Assembly.) So, like certain insects, the members of the Baltimore County Board of Education may, in stinging, have doomed their community college authority to a certain, perhaps not unwarranted, death. Amen.

Conspiracy 8

continued from page 3

When Jerry's turn came, he got 25 months. He said to the judge, "Everything that happened in Nazi Germany was legal. It was all done in courts like this, by judges. They said, 'This is the law. Respect it.' This is the closest thing I have seen to Nazi Germany."

Lee Weiner, who said very little during the trial (which filled 20,000 pages of official transcript), received two and a half months, the lightest of the contempt sentences. Lee told the courtroom, "I sat here quietly for the most part as I've seen you abuse and bury the childlike notion that in the courts of America justice is somehow attainable. I sat in a quiet rage as I've seen the best men in America belittled and attacked in small and large ways."

John Froines was sentenced last, before the lawyers, to six and a half months. Hoffman was in such a hurry to get at Bill Kunstler and Len Weinglass that he almost forgot to hand down a sentence after reading off John's contempt citations. Assistant Prosecutor Schultz had to remind him to do it.

"When history is written," John said, "the men who sat here at the defense table, those in the spectators section, those who sat outside all night to get in, they will be the heroes."

He was taken away after ending his short statement, in which he said simply that he would like to go and join his brothers.

When it came to Bill Kunstler's turn to listen to Judge Hoffman's litany against him, the long listing of "contumaciousnesses," ten extra marshals were brought into the courtroom, filling up most of the aisle space in the spectator and press sections. Staff members of The Conspiracy were excluded from the courtroom. The last row of the spectator section was filled with plainclothes cops from the Chicago Red Squad, who smiled to themselves as Hoffman read off 24 citations of contempt against Kunstler (who has represented Martin Luther King and H. Rap Brown, favorites of Red Squads everywhere.)

Kunstler got four years and 23 days; much of what he did and said was done by the defendants, too, as well as by Len Weinglass, who was sentenced immediately after Bill and received 20 months.

Kunstler told the judge about his long legal career, about how he had never before been disciplined in a court, even though much of his practice has been done in hostile southern courts.

"I am sorry if I disturbed the decorum of the courtroom (when he broke down and cried after Tasha Dellinger was dragged off), but I am not ashamed of my tears."

"I may not be the greatest lawyer in the world, but I think that I am, with my colleague Leonard Weinglass, the most privileged — being punished for what we believe in."

The trial, but for the verdict, ended with Len Weinglass's statement before sentencing. He said that the court for the past five months had provided him with the "richest, warmest associations in my life." He praised the people who "slept on the floor of my house and made do with only \$20 a week" to work for the defense.



Leonard Weinglass



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D.C. 9

CONVICTS

COURT

by DAVE EBERHARDT

Shortly after the Feb. 3 - 10 trial of the DC 9 for their action in March 69 against the Dow Chemical Corporation for its napalm and defoliant production came headlines illustrating that very slavery to technology the 9 protested - 1, "Sensor Seal around Vietnam studied;" 2, "Plastic booths studied to bar outbursts in court;" - NY Times, Fri. Feb. 13. Nothing America can't overwhelm by gadgets, not freedom, justice - you name it.

By the time they get around to such fascisms as plastic bubbles for conspiracy 7 type defendants, however, we in the movement may no longer be going through the system of the courts - unless we are dragged in. The movement has long tried to make a political forum of the courts besides hoping for acquittal. Generally - and the DC 9 is another example - they have proven unresponsive.

Before I get into some incidents of that trial, let's run down a little recent court history involving trials of similar "property destruction" actions. When the Baltimore 4 were tried in 68 for pouring blood on draft board files the court was highly repressive - the judge was withdrawn from the people behind his shield of law and facts. Things opened up a bit for the next group (for burning files) - the Catonsville 9 - because of the 9 and their Spencer Tracy type judge, a more amiable hangman for you. At about the same time members of the Boston 2 (paint on files) were breaking new ground for defendants of this kind by refusing to cooperate with the legal system much at all. Suzi Williams of that team chose to defend herself as was her right, and proceeded to lecture the judge on conditions within the prison. The Milwaukee 14 (fire again) reached new heights of informality by firing their lawyers and defending themselves. If the Catonsville 9 had taken control of the court by their great raps from the stand, the 14 demolished their court - even had Judge Larsen weeping at the end (perhaps in rage.) He couldn't believe the 14 weren't getting outside help on the legal technicalities they came up with - like the monetary worth of draft files. About the same time came stories to the movement of one John Phillips, since involved with the Chicago 15, who had to be carried out of even prison as he protested the system. So, as the DC 9 approached their trial, they looked into new tactics.

Their judge was studying too. He went to Chicago to a seminar on political trials conducted by none other than the Judge Larsen who had tried the Milwaukee 14, and he apparently learned there, and from the Chicago 7 trial, that it is unwise to let articulate movement people defend themselves. Judge Pratt ruled accordingly at the opening of the DC 9 trial - leaving it to the appeals court to decide the question of self-defense.

Now the 9 are free on appeal - a breathing space before jail if they can look at it that way. Defendant Mike Slaski has been ordered to a psychiatric review. But all are still out to work on as they will. It is interesting how such drawn out appeals bothered Gen. Hershey in previous draft file destruction cases - he laments the fact that such defendants are free to "abuse" the law in a recent Selective Service Newsletter.

The 9, anyway, besides offering a variety of approaches to their trial, like pleas changed from not guilty to *nolo contendere* for example, proved basically that the courts can't listen to us - and as others of us strike they will not stand around to be arrested - but go into such underground community as the movement can provide. It is already sufficiently there.

The DC 9 entered the DC offices of Dow Chemical, ripped off Dow records, and were tried for that beginning last Feb. 3 - facing altogether 35 years in jail. Theirs was the 1st of these actions to hit on the industrial and corporation part of what Ike called the "military-industrial-complex." Dow was hit several more times after the 9, once in DC in Nov. of 69, once at the Hamburg Germany office

"Burial pouch - Battlefield
9oz. per sq. yd. 5 lb. pouch
Holds 300 lb. dead wt.
Must stand abuse of dragging
over rough ground.
Present pouch 9lb.
Want 3lb.

Kind of an anti-war poem.
What can we say?
Plastic people, beware!

air just had to be cleared - the tension, the boredom had become too thick - nothing was happening. The Judge wouldn't let the DC 9 defend themselves and the 9 had fired the lawyers the court then imposed back on them - Phil Hirshkopf, 3 others. No one could cross examine or get at the juicy targets the prosecution was placing on the stand as its witnesses - the manager for Dow's DC office, their Director of Latin American relations.



(right on, overseas brothers), and once at the main plant's computer complex at Midlands, Mich. (the tapes were erased.)

The 9, made of mainly of Catholic priests and former priests (Art Melville had been expelled for his guerrilla activities in Guatemala) acted in a wonderful new tradition of actions by small groups against carefully researched targets.

The 9, for example, found interesting connections between Dow and I.G. Farben, a huge German chemical firm indicted for war crimes after War 2 at Nuremberg. Dow still cooperates with Farben. The 9 found records of Dow sales to Russia - the same Dow that works on nuclear warheads at a \$200 million plutonium plant in Colorado to protect us from Russia. The 9 found evidence of Dow payoffs and favors to Michigan politicians, one of whose wife expresses so much gratitude for her quantities of free Saran Wrap. Another plastic goody of Dow's, I leave to your imagination by the following memo. You perhaps know of Dow's manufacture of defoliants and herbicides for Vietnam, about the infamous jellied gasoline (napalm) for which Dow still provides the polystyrene. This memo concerns another product of Dow's. The scrap was mailed to the DC 9 Defense Committee after being collected by an onlooker from the street outside the office on the day of the action:

Courtroom Brawl

"Thrash, pwhang, thrash"... it was the Slask - Mike Slaski of the DC 9 Dow Chemical file destruction defendants, first to leap the wooden bannister barricade separating the defendants from the gallery of trial spectators... a body pile... a metal Reporters Only sign clanging on the floor. Mike made a flying tackle of a U.S. Marshall. Pat Chanel, who works for the DC 9 Defense Committee had raced back to the courtroom door to help a spectator the marshalls were dragging out because he had begun a rap at the judge from the gallery. The marshalls roughed her up, then all shit broke loose. First Slaski quick to the rescue, leaping the wooden railing separating the 9 from us, placing his feet on the tops of the pews to get into the aisle and the action... then another defendant rushing back - Bob Begin... arms flying. A Negro girl sits screaming and crying, "And if this is U.S. justice..." the spectators slowly walk or are pushed from the courtroom as Judge Pratt clears it.

It was tremendous. We'd all been waiting, marshalls too. Who could deny it? At last a beautiful, full-out tugging, shovy, and slightly fistful non-violent brawl. The

Where the prosecution could ask the most subtle of rehearsed questions with a map and a pointer (then you proceeded to point A?), the defendants would rise only to be pushed back down by the marshalls.

These incidents of repression were among the few points of confrontation in the trial up til the Friday of the fight. Two of the defendants, Cathy Melville and Bernie Meyer, tired of the futility, changed their pleas of not guilty to *no contest* and were immediately found guilty on only 1 count (the other 2 dismissed) and separated from the trial. It looked like no game.

There had been the high point of the TV film taken on the day of the action when the 9 defendants did protest Dow's manufacture of the jellied gasoline Napalm which the U.S. uses on humans in

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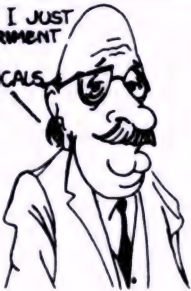
COME TO:

Middle Earth

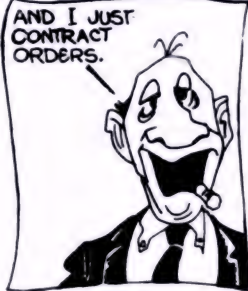
NEED SOME POSTERS
CANDLES
LICENSE
THINGS
BLACK LIGHTS
RINGS

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ME? I JUST
EXPERIMENT
WITH
CHEMICALS.



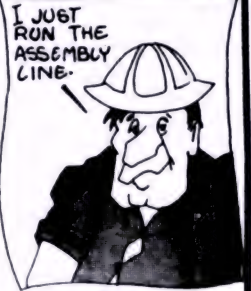
AND I JUST
CONTRACT
ORDERS.



I JUST TYPE
SPECIFICATIONS.



I JUST
RUN THE
ASSEMBLY
LINE.



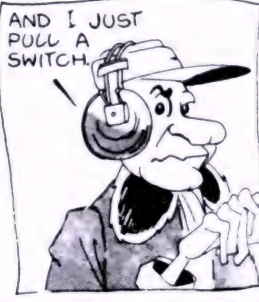
AND I
JUST
DELIVER
FREIGHT.



I JUST
FLY A
PLANE.



AND I JUST
PULL A
SWITCH.



WHICH
KILLS
ME.



Vietnam (along with defoliants, phosgene gas, etc.), on the day that the 9, in fed language, "did break and enter and commit malicious destruction" of such items as letters to and from Pentagon generals, bomb shell designs, \$1,000 expense accounts for the plush offices, and did liberate notes on the designs of the "burial pouch" baggies the army ships dead back in, lists of payoffs to Michigan politicians, etc. A day of joyous demolition - pouring blood, ripping off files, overturning desks, breaking windows - none of which the 9 were denying.

The film then: dubbed breaking glass... camera up to 4th floor window in a modern office building... a jagged hole in one panel... a great burst of papers whooshing out like confetti... several bursts... the camera entering the offices, fast, tilted... defendants racing from room to room... Melville dumping papers out the window... Slaski trying to rip a file ledger book in half, the emptying its contents... a cry - "the police are here"... defendants up against the wall... a call from Art to his wife - "Cathy?"... the defendants outside loaded into a van singing the Battle Hymn of the Republic with their own words - "Glory, glory, liberation"... the reporter reading their statement -

"We are outraged by the death dealing exploitation of people of the Third World, and of all the poor and powerless who are victimized by your profit seeking ventures. Considering it our responsibility to respond, we deny the right of your faceless and inhuman corporation to exist: you, corporations, who under the cover of stockholder and executive anonymity, exploit, deprive, dehumanize and kill in search of profit.

you, corporations, who contain, (or control) Americans and exploit their exaggerated need for security that you have helped create;

you, corporations, who numb our sensitivity to persons, and capitalize on our concern for things;

you, whom in the interest of profit, seek to make it in the military interest of

the United States to suppress the legitimate national desires of other people. Your product is death, your market is war.

Your offices have lost their right to exist. It is a blow for justice that we strike today..."

The film lifted spirits - generally the trial had gotten off slowly - defendants "gagged" and prosecution dryly presenting its case with that great American love for detail, nothing but the facts - a wrench, a glass cutter, masking tape, hammer, crowbar - the Dow office manager talking about the coffee grounds the defendants spilled - a crew-cut FBI man who looks like Neil Armstrong or somebody out of the 50's setting up the projector - Slaski jumps up - "Your honor I object of the presence of a political policeman at this trial." There are more than one.

The film is over; we are squirming in our seats - there isn't even anything to look at in the court - blank polished wood - a marble section behind his honor - fluorescent lighting. From time to time a door opens up front to the left revealing the steel grid on the lock-up - the little reality we are allowed to see.

Then, Friday afternoon, Sister Jo Ann Malone, the press's "mini-skirted nun," gets up to testify. She starts to address the court... "John," the prosecutors - "Bob, Ted," the jury - "Betty." She carefully spreads pictures on the prosecutors table. He was able to enter his pictures into evidence, now come ours - they are pictures of hideously deformed, napalmed Vietnamese children... the prosecutor is horrified... "Your honor - she is showing pictures to the jury!"... quick, a marshal scuttles to the table... "Can't you touch those pictures?" Jo Ann asks the prosecutor. He can only prosecute. The marshal delivers the pictures back to the defense table. Defendant O'Rourke gives the horrible photos over the railing to us in the gallery. Jo Ann continues her statement. The judge interrupts. It is coming, we are apprehensive, it's coming. He

says, "The Vietnam war is not on trial here"... Slaski is up-objecting... defendant Melville - "Your honor that's the whole point"... the marshals are wrestling Slaski down... spectators get up to rap about the war... marshals are dragging the 2nd one away... Pat runs back - the fight blooms.

After we are herded out, we group around the door - they bring in 7 or 8 huge Negro cops to keep it shut. Some are talking to them, "Can't you see you're working for the man." Singing begins - "We shall not be moved, remember Bobby Seale, we shall not be moved, remember Che Guevara, until the revolution..."

It's like basket ball star Pete Maravitch breaking Oscar Robertson's scoring record - we are in a huge body pile embracing defendant Art Melville - swaying, like Janet Lynn's 1st in the woman's figure skating - you think back over Jo Ann's presentation, how coolly she skated through the dangers up to the jury to place those photos, how she spoke for all of us calling the prosecutor by his 1st name - you are dazzled.

But it's not like that at all.

There is a banging on the courtroom on the inside. Jo Ann bursts through, and through the policemen, shouting back at the court - she joins us singing.

Art Melville, at one of the evening rallies, made the point, "We are all on trial." Not just the DC 9 - the stars, us in the gallery, the peans. A marshal beats on one of us - Slaski charges over the barricades. Jo Ann bangs her way out of the court which Judge Pratt has recessed til Monday, and she joins us.

The Case of the Dwindling Defendants

On Mon. the 9th, Judge Pratt, marine vet of war 2 with 1 arm, warned us all in the gallery - mostly press and "family" of the defendants - many movement people made to wait to get in in rain outside the courthouse.

"Any more such outbreaks..."

He cites Slaski for contempt... "did participate in a melee... altercation... did use contemptuous language..." what did he say?

The trial proceeds to peter out. Two of the defendants have changed their pleas. On Monday Art Melville and (just married) Mike Dougherty join Slaski in the lockup for contempt - for attempting to speak, for standing up. From time to time we can hear their laughter come out of the door up front on our left. A couple more spectators are escorted out of the building for rapping statements. Defendant Bob Begin, who left the court in disgust on Friday has rejoined the defendants. He and 3 others sit at the defense table as the trial ends.

The jury spends a scant 15 minutes and returns verdicts on all but part of the 1st burglary count - the "malicious intent" part, we speculate. It appears a slight victory. The judge is angry - he commits the 9 to jail until they write permission for bond - he cites lawyer Hirs-kopf 30 days for contempt - "obscenities, disruptions." And that is it? The DC 9 trial?

We know it is not over, for we are the defendants - everyday we read in the papers about other trials - Conspiracy 7, Panthers, our own.

cont. on p. 12

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cont. form p. 11

Significant issues have been raised — of self defense, of positive ceremonies like defendant Dougherty's wedding, like the support rallies each night of the trial.

Or the issue of confrontation — although the courts do not seem capable of response to morality, I am glad to find that the prosecutor in the men's room at least waits in line to take a piss like the rest of us. "I hear you're against the war." I ask him. "Well, I'm not too happy about it."

"That's a guarded answer."

"Well, I'm in a guarded position — until after the trial."

"O, and then you're going to resign and make a public protest?"

"Look, these guys deserve this... property..." The flushing drowns him out.

I talk with some junior prosecutors outside the trial in the hall. One says, "I'd prosecute this case with relish... they broke a law, they committed a crime, no matter what the motives..."

And with the prosecutor again briefly while the jury is out deliberating — he tells me he thinks middle americans are schmucks. Again that he's against the war — he's been there — yeah, he's put guys in those plastic bags, he's written letters home — he knows for a fact napalm saved his life when the incoming fire was strong — he takes the GI's side — "As long as one guy risks his life over there" he'll defend it — work through the system — he knows it's slow — the DC mob was great — his wife participates in peace marches — he gets more pissed — if you do this it's non-violent to accept the consequences — these 9 communicate by means of wrenches and hammers — would you want some KKK member doing that?

And yet, I ask, taking life as the priority, the value, couldn't we build real law, determine who could break bad laws? Couldn't we set standards? Law protective of life? "Look," he replies, "Just don't do it violently. It hurts your cause. I'd join demonstrations myself if it weren't," o no, the Eichman line — "if it weren't for my job."

And the marshals, they are with us with our long upper middle hair and our beautiful unmade-up girls, at least a few are. One I spoke to had just got back from Mississippi, was going to Chicago later in the week, been at the Mobe "observing," and dug it.

But the war continues.

The 9 go to jail.

Another great issue they raised was that of property — property that hurts us should be eliminated. Jefferson reworded the Declaration of Independence to read "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" from "life, liberty and property." Would the prosecutor with his Kennedy hand gestures, realize this? Would the junkies at St. Stephens who stuck up and robbed various of the defendants' friends in town for the trial agree that some property has no right to exist? Perhaps they will get a chance to talk with the 9 about it in jail. The contradictions grow around us — they are not being resolved in the courts.

Legal Issues

Then, the issue of war crimes: again and again war resisters have pointed out that various parties could be liable for prosecution as war criminals under a number of statutes. Naturally U.S. courts are not anxious to have this proven since it is they along with FBI, CIA members, draft



cont. from p.4

The main body of students were from an organization hastily named the Central Committee — representing most of the high schools in the city — but concentrating heavily on Eastern, City, Forest Park and Northwestern. A parents group also attended.

The meeting was called by the mayor in order to hear the complaints of the students. It was held at the Poly auditorium purposely, it seems, to keep a certain segment of the population away. Poly is seemingly inaccessible, even by bus.

One of the women from the group of parents said that at three o'clock Dr. Sheldon had personally told her that the meeting was to be held elsewhere. She charged Sheldon with deliberately misdirecting her. I had been hearing since one o'clock that it was to be held at Poly.

After everyone arrived, the Central Committee gave its rap. A super rap.

First they made their demands, herewith: 1) get rid of all racists in the schools; 2) amnesty for all those arrested in the confrontations, no intimidations or penalties when they return to school; 3) stop police brutality, and those involved in the Eastern incident be indicted; 4) black studies courses; 5) an investigating committee be set up — four people from each school to investigate racism among administrators, faculty and students.

The committee rapped on examples of racism — personal examples and institutional ones. One black student related the story of a teacher who had told him that whites were superior to blacks. Yeah.

board clerks and members, prosecutors, politicians, and businessmen in companies like Dow that would be busted and sent up as violators along with the Lieut. Calley's.

The DC 9, with 65 prominent Americans, initiated a class suit against Dow at the time of the trial. It had reference to Dow's "production and sale of various types of chemical, biological, bacteriological, incendiary and asphyxiatory weapons," and read in part:

"The defendant (Dow) in this case has aided, abetted, encouraged and conspired with the Government of the United States to violate laws binding upon the United States and its citizens..."

... These treaties and international agreements include, but are not limited to,

a. The Southeast Asia Collective De-

A student who calls himself Sly — from City — told how he had returned to class after an absence and put the return slip on the teacher's desk. The teacher, whom the student identified as Mr. Farley, looked up at him and said, "Boy, don't throw that on my desk."

Five or six more similar raps followed — all outrageous, blatant, pure racism as the students told it.

The Central Committee took a recess

and the parents group took over and called for the resignation or dismissal of Dr. Sheldon. They called for community ownership of schools.

Then came the heaviest rap of the night. The Central Committee came back and reiterated its demands. One of the Black Voice chicks from Eastern got up and laid the whole ugly rap about what happened on the 12th. Laid it right on Sheldon. The one who had been trying to bullshit the public.

She laid it on heavy about the girl losing her baby and the brutality of the police. And she stood up and faced Sheldon and pointed her finger and firmly and majestically said, "Sheldon, I'm calling you out. I am calling you out!"

Sheldon never spoke, but D'Alesandro got up. He looked shaky. He mumbled a few words and wow he looked — what — scared. He got out as soon as he could.

The city officials left, except for four members of the school board and David Glenn, director of the Community Relations Commission. Most of the students stayed and had a meeting with the four board members which was closed to the press — goddammit.

Well, that is where it stands now. The students have gotten their shit together fine. The next move is D'Alesandro's.

THE PRINCIPALS' ASSOCIATION WILL NOT TOLERATE ANARCHY IN OUR SCHOOLS. ALL STUDENTS NOT FOLLOWING NORMAL PROCEDURES OR DISRUPTING THE PROCESS OF EDUCATION, WILL BE SHOT. THAT IS ALL.



fense Treaty, Sept. 8, 1954, (1955) 6 U.S.T. 81, T.I.A.S. No. 3170, etc.

b. The Charter of the United Nations article 53, etc.

c. Geneva Protocol for the Prohibition of the Use in War of Asphyxiating, poisonous or other Gases and of Bacteriological etc.

d. Hague convention No. LV, Annex Regulations Respecting the Laws and Customs of War on land, etc.

e. United Nations General Assembly Resolution, etc.

f. Treaty of London and Charter of Nuremberg Tribunal, etc.

WHEREFORE, Plaintiffs pray for the following relief, etc."

This legalese may strike you as a drag, but since this suit presents a class "so numerous as to make it impractical to bring them all before this Court, namely the American people." And since "there are grounds to maintain that anyone who believes or has reason to believe that a war is being waged in violation of minimal canons of law and morality has an obligation of conscience to resist participation in and support of that war effort by every means at his disposal," according to Prof. Richard Falk in an article for Transaction entitled "Songmy — War Crimes and Individual Responsibility," as an American you should get your legal ass in gear to prosecute this case. I mean we can use that kind of language too.

OUT OF SIGHT!

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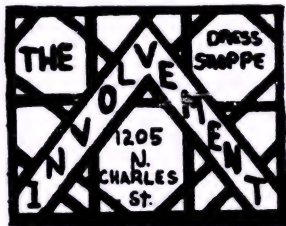
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A Primer on the Roots of the Cultural Alternatives



"OK, so you want to end the war, end racism, end poverty, and end pollution. But what about something POSITIVE?"

by ROB KANIGEL

The words arrayed below will be found, almost universally, to be "correctly" assigned to each list.

LIST I

stock market
order
production
technology
influence
authority
progress
suburbs
baltimore sun
status
control
profit
work
dollars
assembly line

LIST II

rock
underground
peace
play
interactions
vibrations
harmony
harry
dylan
acid
astrology
love
age of aquarius
flowers
mysticism

Almost all, for example, would find it somewhat uncomfortable to see *flower* in the first list, and *authority* in the second. This discomfort points up the vast verbal gulf that exists between the two broad sub-cultures found in our society. One, dominant in terms of numbers and strength, we call "straight;" the other we roughly describe as "hip." The fact that each group has what amounts to its own functional vocabulary, is not, on the surface, disconcerting. But when we find, as we do, that each group's thinking about the essential nature of life is quite narrowly limited by its vocabulary, one begins to wonder how any communication is possible between the two. When one group's statement that "We want a People's Park for a celebration of life and joy" is coun-

tered by "The right of private property is sacred to the American Way of Life," or equivalent bullshit, the impossibility of communication becomes evident. When members of the same family, both versed to a greater or lesser extent in the English language, are unable to get across what each considers the simplest of ideas, the discrepancy is dramatized, and doubts arise that the resolution of conflicts, or the righting of wrongs is at all conceivable.

If one believes — as not all of us do — in the non-violent solution of common problems, then the necessity to speak and understand one another's language is clearly essential. To understand is the crucial element. The mass media have widened the gap by employing the words (and making headlines of them) while conveying no sense of the feelings associated with them. This series of articles will attempt to provide both "sub-cultures" with an understanding of what "They" are talking about. In the ideal case, the result would be that a request for a "people's Park" in Baltimore would be greeted responsively and without police, and that a typical son would have some minimum respect for his typical father's "meaningless" work.

But for this ideal to be even approached it is necessary for each group to ask the questions outlined here:

By the Straight People. Of here certainly seems to be much going on, lately, that I just don't understand. It's true that there are many things that I don't understand, but often I can afford to ignore something when very few people are affected or when it's just a transitory phase. But when an entire generation seem to be discussing ideas, and, more doing things that are thoroughly alien to me, it becomes necessary to try to find out what's going on — and how it affects me and the society I was brought up in. And also to what extent I might want to alter my thinking to adjust to what is really new, as opposed to what is just a little novel, and hence short-lived. What is there that is really new? What is everybody really talking about?

And by the Hip Society: I feel confident that "my way" and the way of my generation is most in keeping with the de-

velopment of more meaningful relationships between people. Therefore, I am puzzled by the inability of my parents and the rest of straight society to adjust to my ideas and way of life. Sometimes, I just throw up my hands and relegate it all to their being wrong about everything, and let it go at that. But it couldn't be that simple. When I think about it, it seems strange that so many people are completely wrong or behind the times. Then, possibly, there is something to their views. But it couldn't be much, because my way feels right to me. What is it then, that prevents them from accepting my views and actions, and also prevents them from seeing the horror of much of what they do and say?

Certainly the answers to these questions are not simple, but there does seem to exist a common thread that runs through them — and that thread, it seems to me, is an economic one. Economics has traditionally been defined in terms of the two main questions it seeks to answer: What is the best way to organize the factors of production of (presumed) scarce goods? and what is the best way to distribute those (presumed) scarce goods to those that want them?

The new truth, around which the questions put by our concerned, curious opposite numbers must be answered, is that the production of goods is no longer a problem (in the economic sense) in the major industrial states of the world. Perhaps a dozen countries (the United States, Japan, Canada, and most of Western Europe being the most obvious) have shown that technology has reached a point at which there is no reason to think of goods as scarce. That is, there is no technological reason for "one third of a nation" — or for that matter, any fraction to be ill-fed, ill-clothed, or ill-housed. *This has never before been true.* That there remain large pockets of real poverty (in the United States, at least) is thus no longer a reflection on such a society's ability to eliminate them, but on its will to do so.

With the capacity to produce goods no longer the economic problem, the distribution of the relatively plentiful goods reverts to an ethical problem. This, perhaps, begins to explain to straight society the moral feelings usually attached to hip society's rightfully insistent demands for an end to poverty. In the past, it could be argued that poverty could be justified on some "larger" or "higher" economic basis. This is no longer the case.

But this merely explains one small aspect of the demands of hip society. It is probably the only purely economic one, yet it will be seen that all the others directly issue from the fact of the solution of the economic problem. For now, though, we can provide the first rough sketch of the answer to the question posed by the thinking representatives of straight society: classical economics is a dead science.

If this is the underlying, though generally unstated tenet of the underground movement, then one wonders why the dominant culture refused to accept the idea and then go on to accept the leadership of its sons and daughters in proclaiming the Age of Peace and Love. In short, the second question, this time by hip society remains unanswered.

The answer is rooted in a mass obsession, whose psychological underpinnings were formed by the Great Depression of the 1930's. The obsession is one of material security. But though it must be considered an obsession now, before very recently it was a legitimate concern. One begins calling a formerly healthy attitude "sick" when that attitude is no longer in keeping with reality. The new reality that must be accommodated to, as hip society has done, is that we need no longer fear lacking the basic necessities of life. There now exists, as there did not in 1929, sufficient control over the business cycle, and sufficient technological knowledge, to forever eliminate this fear. Yet, the fear lingers on in most segments of society. The straight "patient" is haunted by his remembrances of the Depression, or his father's tales of it. If anything, he is getting sicker instead of better, as the Depression recedes into the past, due to the constant reinforcement he receives. This reinforcement is in the form of advertising, and the image of "the good life" as presented in the mass media and the educational structure. These forces, by playing upon his conditioned desire for material abundances, make the straight person unable to accept anything but the necessity for more production and more consumption. What has happened, then, is that the basically sound yearning for a warm bed and full belly has been perverted, now that these natural desires are realities, into a national compulsion to see the Gross National Product rise every quarter, and a national hysteria if it doesn't.

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HOUSE CALL

BY STEPHEN HOWARD, M.D.

Q. In your last column you advised a girl to know what she's doing about birth control. My problem is I don't. May I inquire discreetly, as the song goes, where in big B. I can get reliable info. on birth control & also where can I obtain an IUD. From my limited knowledge, I understand that this and the pill are the most reliable methods, but I've also heard that the pill may cause birth defects. How valid is this information?

Finally, which is most advisable and most easily obtainable for me as a college freshman?

Thank you so much.

PEACE

A. Except for abstinence (which I don't particularly recommend) the pill and the IUD are the best birth control devices available. The IUDs are quite good, but not everyone can use them. They cannot be used by most women who never have been pregnant, because the uterus will usually reject the device and will simply expell it. If you have never been pregnant it probably won't work for you.

There is no such problem with the pill. The pill has slight dangers, particularly in the area of blood clotting, but this danger does not outweigh its usefulness. There are no other confirmed dangers with the pill, and there is absolutely no evidence whatever that the pill may cause birth defects (except for the biggest birth defect of all, which is not being born.) I would highly recommend the pill to you.

As to where you can get it: the attitudes of doctors with regard to giving birth control to unmarried women vary widely; some will not give it at all, some only under special circumstances, and others will give it to anyone who does not have a medical condition which will make it harmful. I am happy to say that this last group is growing, as there are more and more doctors who realize that their job is to be medical men rather than moral guardians.

You might have a girlfriend check with her doctor as to his attitude. The gynecology clinics at many large hospitals (especially the large city hospitals) are now giving out birth control freely; naturally, the Roman Catholic run hospitals are not good places to try for this sort of thing.

If you have any difficulty, then call the Planned Parenthood Association in your city. Tell them your situation just as you have told me in your letter. They are very eager to help, and the fact that you are not married will not matter to them.

Q. Some of the shops are selling catnip to get high. Does it work? What kind of high is it?

A. This is usually advertised as "Superpot," and is legal. I have spoken to several people who have tried the stuff, and to one cat. One fellow told me that he thought it was about the same as grass; the others said it was something like it but with a much smaller high; the cat didn't answer. Cats are like that.

There is one hitch — no one knows the effects of catnip on the human body. This is a new thing, and no experimentation or research has been done with it. It hasn't hurt Tabby, but he doesn't smoke it. It could turn out to be toxic to the brain, or to the liver as glue-sniffing was, or to other internal organs. I'm not saying that it is, just that we don't know and it's very possible. That itself is enough to keep me away from it for the time being.

Q. My friend likes me to go down on him, and I enjoy it too. But he wants me to swallow the stuff when he comes and this worries me. Is there any harm to it? Could I get pregnant this way?

A. The fluid discharged by the man is known as semen. This is composed of sperm, water, protein (especially mucus-like material), some sugars, and traces of minerals and harmless epithelial cells. The sperm is made up mainly of protein.

All of these are the common elements of ordinary foodstuffs. When they are swallowed they are broken down and digested just as a bit of food would be, and are not harmful in any way.

The sperm are, of course, the cells which unite with the female ovum to produce pregnancy. These are rapidly destroyed by the stomach acids. In any case there is no connection between the digestive and the reproductive systems, and so it is absolutely impossible to become pregnant in this way.

Swallowing semen is a fairly common practise by both men and women, and no harm has ever been known to come of it.

Q. I would like to go on acid trips with my husband, but I am nursing my baby, and don't know if I should. Do you think it would hurt the baby?

A. Not much is known about this, but it is entirely possible that the acid would get into the milk and thus into the baby. I'd hate to think of the effects that acid could have on an infant's mind. In general I'd advise against taking any drugs while you are nursing unless they are prescribed by your doctor.

(Send your questions to HOUSE CALL, HARRY, 233 East 25th Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21218. Names and addresses will not be printed, but should be included, so that questions not used in the paper may be answered personally.)

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THEATER

THE TEMPEST

A Visual Treat

by CHRIS MARLOWE

But for the moment of the "We are such stuff as dreams are made of" speech, the Baltimore audience I attended Center Stage's production of *The Tempest* with seemed more attracted to the spectacle of the play than its content.

It opened gorgeously — all billowing sail — and seemed blown through-out by a stylish wind of setting, music, and character. All the acting is competent. The character of Ariel is danced throughout; Caliban and Alonso get the most response. They play grotesquely — a great relief to anyone trying to follow the words. He will need a few laughs — for but a few images, a few lines are understandable 20th century English — the rest a blur.

Since the play is being creatively stage-

ed for the eye — a whirl at the opening, a stately masque in the middle — the blurred word meanings don't matter. Prospero taking off his wig and coming out of character to play Shakespeare adds subtleties of meaning. As Shakespeare he presides over the action of the play from all angles — the stairways, the audience, the balcony. This silent presence of the author in our midst, along with the large panels displaying the well-known engraving of Shakespeare's face, gives a special poignancy to this his last play.

Hopefully, though, some of those sent out on school discounts to study the play will get stoned before they go. It's a good trip.



Wendy Girard plays an eager and appealing Miranda in Center Stage's production of *The Tempest*.

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February 20, 1970

HARRY

Film

by ELLIOT SIRKIN

The perverse excitement of being jolted around and kicked is really what's behind the appeal of a primitive "philosophical" horror show like *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* — the thrill of having a concrete block land in your belly. The movie lives on one note, getting more shrill and desperate-sounding almost by the second, and there's no place anywhere for vanity or let-up. The death-like groan that the actors start out on can't slip, it's got to keep on no matter what; if it didn't the movie would knock itself out, and there would be nothing that could rescue it. It wouldn't be stunning, it would just be pretentious and enervating. A one-dimensional attack is just about the only sure way of getting the proper gut impact out of the material.

There's also a moral reason behind the monotone: if the characters — flat-broke contestants in a 1932 dance marathon that goes on for three weeks and leaves two of them insane and one of them dead — were allowed any more depth, or even any more quiet, their misery and hysteria couldn't come off with the same violence — which would screw things up royally, letting the people watching the movie feel as untroubled as their counterparts, the bores in the on-screen audience, about cutting themselves off from the hell before them and enjoying all that intoxicating pain. There's an esthetic — or at least a structural — reason, too: at the end, once the two main characters have gotten out of the contest and finally leave the dance-hall, the noise dies down, and Robert's and Gloria's emotions suddenly start showing signs of range and ambivalence; of course, the contrast of these two moments of dimension with the unbending, almost inexorable fury of the scenes before them is overwhelming — really a brilliant and cunning development.

The lay-out is episodic, but Sydney Pollack, who directs, treats the shifts fluidly enough to stop them from turning quirkish or choppy; the same self-effacing grace that's maybe the rest of his directing work end up civilized and poised is in action here, only now it's found its perfect complement — an adaptation of Frank McCoy's old confessional novel about death-dancing in the Depression. Pollack's over-all style is neutral, consistently detached — copied pretty faithfully from Pontecorvo and Wyler — but it's close to the ideal way of making the *They Shoot Horses* kind of movie. The



calm, reporterish viewpoint frees whatever subtlety there might be in the scenes and the characters to come out unhelped, and more than that, it clears up the title and emphasized one of the story's few daring ideas — that it's very hard to care about people who've given up caring about themselves, just put them out of their anguish and get it over with. It's a cold style, but it's certainly not sloppy or insecure, and it gets tremendous force out of its objects — not just from the infallibly shocking set-pieces (a washed-out-looking girl who's six months pregnant and dead tired singing "The Best Things in Life are Free," the rattle of the siren marking off the rest periods; a look at that ballroom when it's empty, done through a magnificent circular-traveling-shot), but also out of some of the more delicate things (the heroine's last good stocking's ripping; a minor character's search through a plundered suitcase; an old lady clapping for her "favorite" couple). The two sprinting scenes — outer track contests that the management throws in every so often to keep the customers happy and bloodthirsty — are Pollack's showpieces; they stand out in the same way that the slaughter passages did in his sharp-witted Western, *The Scalphunters*. They're edited with terrific force and complexity, but really it's the sheer driving power of seeing a girl flailing her arms around and slapping the referee, of watching an aging sailor going blue with paralysis and limping toward the finish line, that gives the staging its grisly brilliance and toughness here. Pollack is an incredibly forthright director, with a talent for movie-storytelling, and it's only when it aims at introspection — when the camera tries to go "subjective" — that his work backfires on him; he can't absorb European techniques and it's crazy for him to pretend that he can. The way that

slow-motion is used in the second sprint, and later in Gloria's death, isn't only trite — it's inept — and the same goes for the results of one fancy-messy try at some tricky smooth-surface photography. Much more seriously, there's a whole slew of pseudointerior, literally monochromatic flashforwards (hints of action that hasn't yet taken place) that are supposed to be documenting the main character's arrest and trial, but that succeeds only at being leaden and confused and at tripping the direction up. They're terrible, almost fatal errors, proof that toying around with the time structure in this sort of very conventional context is a close to fool-proof way of messing up a movie's rhythm (*Petulia* is about the best recent example I can think of); but fortunately, the rest of the plotting of *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* is built to last, and the flashforwards — clumsy and incongruous as they are — don't really destroy anything.

What part of Jane Fonda's Gloria is Pollack and what part is Jane Fonda can't be guessed at — but whoever's behind it, it's great. In comedy, Fonda's biggest skill has always been an easy-going sort of drollness; now, in character acting, her triumph is her controlled sense of irony — something unique and idiosyncratic and overpowering that breaks through the narrow limits of her part. She acts with lashing, nearly cosmic bitterness, but amazingly enough, she manages not to get too carried away with the brutalized good-bad girl idea and never goes in for scenery — chewing. (The good-bad surface, though, is probably what's gotten people comparing her with Bette Davis — a rotten comparison, because what she's come through with in her Gloria is the strongest performance that anyone has given since Liv Ullmann's astounding acting in *The Shame*, the sort of work that not many American actresses — certainly not

Bette Davis or any of her successors — have ever been capable of). She uses her eyes exquisitely — not, thank God, as hyper-transparent "barometers of the soul," but with restraint, as sensitive, minutely active recorders, shy signs of responding life beneath the zombie's hide — and they don't have to call attention to themselves to do what she wants them to do. Her pantomime is beautiful and precise — the way she arches up her neck and her back when she walks, rigid with pride and anger, even sometimes suggests the last movements of the young injured horse that dies earlier in the movie. The part isn't especially well-written, and she is stuck with some of the screenplay's phoniest dialogue ("I've been disqualified by experts," "I'm getting off this merry-go-round. I'm through with this whole stinking thing."), but her readings cram so much intelligent conviction into what she says that hardly any of it flops: even the clinkers come out sounding laud and lyrical, and she can't fairly be blamed if she never makes it exactly clear why her character waits so long to quit the marathon. Next to her, Michael Sarazin's Robert can only look pale and half-there. He has a beautiful face, true (it's the bell-bottomed nose that keeps it from becoming *Beach Party*-pretty), but his phrasing and diction are straight television — series mediocrity, and looking much more Sixties than Thirties, he's the only one in the cast who's been inadequately made-up; he just doesn't get any sort of coherence out of his character. Not that there's much there to begin with: in the book, Robert is a tight-lipped cynic, a junior-division Bogart with big-scale ambitions and not much brains; it's possible that the movie Robert is supposed to be a vulnerable, corned-beef type, but he's been so denatured by the switch that what's left of him is a very vague shadow-figure, not much more than a tool of the plot. It's one of the script's flaws, but it's atoned for pretty successfully by the novel's secondary characters — Rocky, the blandly hypocritical promoter who runs the show — who, as he's played by Gig Young, is the only "realistically" explored person in the movie. Young can't do much with what's evidently meant to be his big scene — one of those voluptuous Why I Am the Way I Am-type things — especially since he's so banally photographed during most of it, but he makes a terrifying drummer-mccee; once he gets his arms going and turns on the catatonic beam, he's infinitely more gross than any TV game-show announcer could ever get to be.

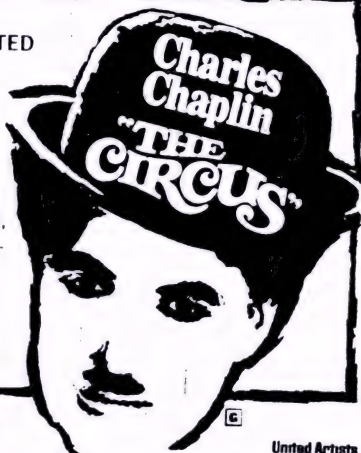
These things are all good, but there's still a lot wrong. As a strictly visceral sort of experience, the movie is a compelling, even a ravaging picture of degraded men, but as the "existential" parable that it naively wants to be, it's a wreck. McCoy's novel was once a big favorite with the brand-name French philosophers of the Forties (but not for the reasons that the people who put the movie together seem to suspect), and sometimes it looks as if Pollack and his collaborators feel duty-bound to create some way of advertising the "existential" undercurrents. Which isn't a good idea, because what they've come up with is a bizarre, mock-profound superstructure that intrudes on the apparent themes and completely garbles the lesser ones, having very little to do with the natural meanings. It's lucky that most of the writing is good, and that the script is one of those rare cases that works its lopsided metaphors out tactfully, so the greater part of the existentializing is only faintly obvious. Still, nothing can cover for the fact that turning the Pacifica Ballroom into an absurdist's Grand Hotel is a very feeble conceit, or that making Gloria into a weird emblem for a sub-Sartre image of man (alone-free-defiant-fed up) and forcing Rocky to be a nihilist-God-nature figure (unknowable, alternately soothing and cheating his dependents, committed to an idea outside the spirit, etc.) is a genuine absurdity, a threat to the way that everything should hold together. It's not

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Record Review

Simon and Garfunkel
Bridge Over Troubled Water



by ART LEVINE

They have been away a long time now, so it is strange to hear their new album after they and we have been through so much. Simon and Garfunkel's latest LP, *Bridge Over Troubled Water*, is an excellent album, containing all those elements of superb vocalizing, pretty melodies, and attractive arrangements that have always made these two Jewish kids from Queens, New York, so popular. Gone, however, is much of the dense lyricism that some found pretentious and others found poetic. For Simon and Garfunkel also have followed Dylan, the Stones, and the Beatles down the road searching for roots, funkiness and simplicity.

Once upon a time, Simon and Garfunkel were known as Tom and Jerry, and they played for high school dances, temple dances, Sweet Sixteen parties, and Bar Mitzvahs. They played songs that didn't have too many chords in them, and the words were pretty simple and thymed easily. Some of the stuff that the kids in Queens got to know Artie and Paul for can be found in the earlier Simon and Garfunkel LP's. But Paul and Art also read alot, and Paul began writing songs that were quite different from the things they were doing for the Forest Hill High School Junior Prom. So, *Sounds of Silence* came out as their first big hit, and feature writers for magazines began waking up to the disturbing realization that the songs the kids were listening to weren't so meaningless after all. Why, some of the things Dylan and Simon were writing might ever, God forbid, be considered... poetry.

Since *Bookends*, Simon and Garfunkel have been plugging away at graduate school at Columbia, and also have been listening to what other people have been doing. What has been going on can be best understood by listening to Dylan's

Highway 61 Revisited and then listening to *Nashville Skyline*. Much of Simon and Garfunkel's new album sound like Tom and Jerry, or the Everly Brothers. In fact, to drive the point home, they include their version of "Bye Bye Love," the old Everly Brothers hit, complete with a simulated concert audience clapping along.

The single, "Bridge Over Troubled Water," is both popular and unusual. It is strange because it features Art Garfunkel singing lead, and it has only a piano accompaniment through most of the song. It also sounds like nothing so much as a church hymn. Melodically and lyrically it is easily the most mawkishly sentimental song since "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas." Why, then, is it so popular? It is a comforting song, embracing you in its gentle, romantic sympathy. Amid the driving shock to AM radio, it stands out so completely, so totally devoid of pretension - it is nothing else but a sob song. It is part of the general abandonment of politics and fighting and Vietnam and blacks that is so common today. Return to the simple things, get back to where you once belonged, you can't fight John Mitchell - and listen to "Bridge Over Troubled Water." Lick your billy club wounds, wash away that tear gas from your eyes, and just sit back and groove.

There are a number of fast, catchy, and almost soulful songs on this record. They feature brass doing Blood, Sweat and Tears riffs, King Curtis-type saxophones lifted off old R&B hits like "Yakety-Yak," and, amazingly enough, deep bass harmonizing. I am pleased to report, though, Simon and Garfunkel have not tried to sing like Sam and Dave, and not once does Paul exclaim, "Good God! Ugh, I need some help now, y'all!" Two of these songs do an excellent job of trying to take us inside the minds of the sort of greasers that populate the Middle America that would like to beat the shit out of two kike faggots like Simon and Garfunkel: "Keep the Customer Satisfied" and "Baby Driver."

"The Boxer" is also on this album, and I think that it was too easily dismissed as just another song in the Simon and Garfunkel mold. It was regarded when we would hear it as too much of a formula song, predictable with its guitar picking, arty lyrics, and smooth singing. But now, after listening to it again, you begin to understand that it is as touching and moving a portrait of a pathetic person as the Beatles' "Eleanor Rigby," or Paul Simon's own "Poem on an Underground Wall." Simon has poignantly captured the essence of those hundreds of thousands of lost and lonely stragglers who filter through New York City, "Asking only workman's wages / I come looking for a job / But I get no offers / Just a come-on

Bonzo Dog Band

by THOMAS V. D'ANTONI

SINGER: "My darling, in my cardboard colored dreams,

CHORUS: "Colored, colored, colored dreams,

SINGER: "Once again, I hear your laugh. And I kiss, yes I kiss your perfumed hair,

CHORUS: "But she's not there
SINGER: "The sweet essence of giraffe."
CHORUS: "Of giraffe."

It takes a certain mentality to dig the Bonzo Dog Band. It took a certain mentality to dig them when they were known as the Bonzo Doo Dah Dog Band. Yes, even then.

In order to fully appreciate them you must also dig things like a) Zap Comix; b)

from the whores / On Seventh Avenue / I do declare / There were times when I was so lonesome / I took some comfort there." If you want to know what Simon is talking about in this song, you should walk sometime around Times Square and look at the people hanging around the cheap cafeterias, nursing someone else's cup of coffee for hours on end. "The Box" is about those people.

On another song, Simon has pulled a Donovan by adding childishly simply lyrics to a Teruvian Folk Song. Put down coldly on paper, parts of the song seems worse than moronic, "I'd rather be a hammer than a nail / Yes I would / If I could / I surely would." But added together with the music and Simon's voice, this simple song has its own sad power.

As usual, Paul Simon has come up with some tremendously beautiful songs, with melodies of such grace and warmth that they are matched only by Paul McCartney. McCartney and Simon are still the top melodic craftsmen around today, occasionally being equalled by composers like Joni Mitchell, Donovan, James Taylor, and others.

Simon, like McCartney, has not lost his magic touch. Listen to "Song for the Asking," "The Only Living Boy in New York," or "So Long, Frank Lloyd Wright." You will hear ample proof of Simon's melodic abilities. "Song for the Asking," especially, has one of those knockout melodic lines, like "Yesterday," that grabs hold immediately.

I sometimes wonder, that with all the proliferation of rock groups and singers, why there are so few outstanding melodies created. But don't worry about it too much. Just be thankful that Simon and Garfunkel have a new album out.

How can you talk about a song that says, "Tiggers don't go out on rainy nights / They don't have to whet their appetites."

The trouble is that not one person I've played the record for likes it. I'll be on the floor laughing hysterically at it, and they'll sit there and wonder "What's this dude high on?" Even my wife who dug "Urban Spaceman" can't get into "Tadpoles" (although I have caught her singing "Tubas in the Moonlight" to herself.)

The only person I met who likes it is the salesman at the record store. I brought it up to the counter and he said, "Wow, somebody else likes them besides me."

Its a small fraternity of Bonzo Dog Band freaks. You should join it.

SINGER: "And each time I hear your name,

CHORUS: "Frying pan, frying pan,
SINGER: "Oh, oh my, my how, how it hurts,

CHORUS: "He's in pain,
SINGER: "In the wardrobe of my soul,
CHORUS: "Oh my soul."

SINGER: "In the section labled shirts."
Bob and Ray; c) Busby Berkley; d) Fire-sign Theatre; e) Kurt Voggcut, Jr.; and most important f) anarchy.

Yes even among the dope-infested, commie-pervert hip community, you gotta be a little strange to dig behind them.

The opening quotation is taken from "Canyons of Your Mind," a cut from their latest album "Tad poles" (Imperial 12445) of which this piece may be aptly termed a review.

Bonzo Dog Band consists of "Legs" Larry Smith, Neil Innes, Ruskin Spear, Rodney Denborough Slater, and Vivian Stanshall (who is male). They are from England. They have to their everlasting credit two previous albums "Gorrilla," and "Urban Spaceman," both of which are insane and ridiculously funny.

TO THE READER: The next few paragraphs will be concerned with criticism both of a musical and a literary nature; both good and bad in turn. Those of you who find this dull and boring (as I do) are reminded that they may skip this section and read the later part of this review, wherein I shall resume my hip, irreverent and remarkably clever writing facility. There will be however, a short quiz on the entire material at our next session. Thank you.

The band has mastered nearly every conceivable pop music style the twentieth century has produced. Their repertoire on "Tadpoles" included one psyche-rock song; four songs from the twenties-thirties era (including "By a Waterfall" from the Busby Berkely movie of the same name, and Bonzo's own "Tubas in the

cont. on p. 17

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REVIEW: SEGOVA at the Lyric

by LEN BRADFORD

Andres Segovia, the 75 year old acknowledged master of the guitar played on Thursday, January 29 to a predominately young and receptive audience. The task of holding the attention of a nearly full house in an auditorium as large as the Lyric with an instrument as small-voiced as the classical guitar is a formidable one. Yet due to the excellent acoustics of the Lyric Theater (despite its size) and the uncanny ability that Mr. Segovia has of projecting every nuance, with every tone in proper balance, this particular difficulty was overcome. There are a few small halls which are ideal for solo concerts of this sort, such as Krauschaar Auditorium at Goucher, but they could not hold the number of people who would want to see Mr. Segovia. So Baltimore is left without a medium-sized hall with good acoustics for chamber works and solo concerts.

The program covered a variety of styles, ranging from 16th century pieces by John Dowland, and Luis de Narvaez to contemporary Spanish compositions. The earlier pieces are not as well-suited to Segovia's Romantic attitude as are later works, but on the other hand, this approach brought out a lyricism inherent in these works which is rarely heard. True to the tradition of embellishment and ornamentation generally practiced in 16th and 17th century compositions, Mr. Segovia added grace notes to the base lines in the "Four Small Pieces" by John Dowland

which added greatly to the fluidity of each piece.

Segovia displayed a brief moment of irritation, grimacing at the latecomers who streamed in after the first piece was finished. There were so many, that an unnecessary delay was caused. It's hard to know what to do about this. Turning away people who arrive late is, of course, no answer.

After two baroque compositions by Weiss and Frescobaldi, Mr. Segovia played three folkloric dance-pieces by the Norwegian, Edward Grieg. When this writer was learning to play piano, these pieces were standard repertoire. They are much more listenable in Segovia's arrangement for guitar.

After the intermission, Segovia began to play with greater power and confidence. He was either truly refreshed, or perhaps more sympathetic to the compositions. The Melancolia and Primavera by Castelnuovo-Tedesco, a dramatic piece, was particularly marvelous. The house brought Maestro Segovia back for three encores, one of which, the fiery Second Etude by Villa-Lobos, was perhaps more perfect than anything else on the program.

fully disorganized sound. It really does take a good musician to play bad well. And, yes they do play together on the other twenties cuts.

The music is unbeatable in its replication, and the lyrics are pure madness. "Mr. Apollo" has things like "Last year I was a four stone weakling, this year I am two giant gorillas." The words might have been written by Ron Crumb or Kilgore Trout. They are strange enough and funny enough to be beyond description or criticism.

Whew, I'm glad that's over. Listen, the Bonzo Dog Band is so weird, so fucking far out, and so goddamned funny that any review of their album is a waste of time. Just get the thing and listen to it (a lot) and you'll see what I mean.

cont. from p. 16
"onlight"); one sixties Top Forties Golden Gasser (Monster Mash - yes the very one that Bobby "Boris" Pickles shattered your mind); one fifties Top Forty Silver Sliver from which the opening quote was taken; one Beatles put-down; and three more that defy description (I'll just name them - "Hunting Tigers Out in 'India'", "Shirt," and "Ali-Baba's Camel" pronounced Aly Bahber's Camel.) They are immensely talented - not that they are in the least innovative - but in the fact that they can reproduce virtually any "sound." But, "Ah," I hear you cry, "Lots of musicians can reproduce a given sound or style." True, but Bonzo can do it and make it funny. For instance, it's "Dr. Jazz" and "Laughing Blues," two of the twenties-type songs, they play just behind and just ahead of each other. Gives it a wonder-

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SCENES

by LEN BRADFORD

I saw two unique musical events in Baltimore last weekend, both involving a synthesis of musical styles, one involving more than one medium. The first was the new rock-jazz group at the Roosevelt, one of the funkier bars I have been to in a long time. Rock-jazz is an accurate title, but the emphasis is on the rock. The jazz is injected mainly by Joe Clark (piano, sax), an outstanding musician who has played nearly every club in town. Orin Smith plays folk-influenced jazz guitar, including one Nashville-style number in which he plays his guitar with a slide to obtain a dobro-like effect. Nearly all the music was instrumental, except for one very powerful vocal by someone sitting in.

The second event was the opening of "Rock Theater" at Peabody Conservatory. Currently being performed is *The Civil War*, dedicated to the memory of Martin Luther King. This "rock cantata" was written by Irma Routen and William Russo, who also conducts. It involves a total production in mixed media, involving film, slides, music, singing, dancing, and audience involvement. A difficult thing to manage, but in *Civil War* it comes off beautifully. The visual part, involving three projections, tells the continuing story of oppression, and man's inhumanity to man, through illustrations both abstract and concrete, the latter being a collection of immediately identifiable news photos, which, when brought together in this fashion, have a cumulative effect beyond their individual sorrow.

The "rock band," if you can call it that, consisted of electric organ, guitar and bass, drums and congas, a baritone sax, a violin, and a cello. This unusual combination, and the more exact control

exercised by the presence of a conductor produces a more balanced sound than I have come to expect from most rock groups.

Special kudos is deserved by the new lead singer, who has a truly fine voice for this sort of music, and dancers Marsha Contee, June Hackett, and Amy David, who all dance with extraordinary individuality. Riale Sushman does an interesting boogie solo on baritone sax.

Also performed was the finale from Rock Theater's upcoming major production, *Liberation*, entitled "Festival of Lights." A major gas. Don't miss this one.

Don't say that Baltimore doesn't have its Off-Broadway. Last Saturday I braved the blizzard to attend a delightful performance of *You're A Good Man Charlie Brown*, a musical presented by the New Repertory Limited Company. The interesting and surprising thing about this company is that it is for teenagers only. Previously, there was no group in Baltimore for teenagers to perform in other than Children's Theater and/or bad productions. So these kids formed their own group, showing not only initiative, but also the talent to carry them through several ambitious performances.

Here, an experiment in sensory bombardment, is scheduled for opening Mon. March 9 at Corner Theatre, 853 N. Howard St., and will run every Mon. night thereafter. This production concerns itself with the here and now in a series of environmental happenings conducted with an audience of one person at a time. For this reason, it is imperative that reservations be made in advance.

Over a period of thirty minutes the audience member experiences the evolution of birth to death which should act as a trigger mechanism for rediscovering what life is all about.

The direction is by Dick Flax, with technical direction by Mike Dryer. Reservations may be made by calling the theater at 728-4707.

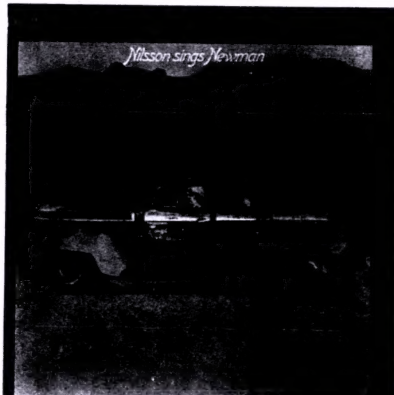
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13 BEAUTIFUL WIERD CUTS

cont. from p. 15

just that the allegory is stereotyped and the thinking at least fifteen years out of date — in our movies, better late than never — it's really more that the approach is all wrong for this particular movie, in a way that it might not be elsewhere. When the two "antagonists" get together, and Gloria finds out that the only chance she stands of making any money is in letting herself be pressured into a publicity marriage — "Maybe it's just that the whole damn world is like one big Central Casting, and they got it all rigged before you even show up" — it throws off the whole purpose of the things that have come before it. The source of all our terror for the character has been in the freakishness of her situation, and when it's made to look at what she's been putting herself through isn't any more than what people put themselves through every day, the tension collapses, and the horror blows up in a cloud of very amateur metaphysics.

The chic anti-American sneers that pile up at odd times aren't too gorgeous either. Against a contemporary background, the stupid, jingoistic quotes that are forced onto the Gig Young character ("It's these boys' and girls' kinda grit and determination that made this nation the greatest one on the face of the earth.") would only be a few further examples of the tiresomely cliched, lazy ways of making points that too many fashionable directors have been going in for lately when they try to analyze what's gone wrong with the country; in the Depression setting, they're foolish and entirely anachronistic, impossible to justify. It was a whole superannuated way of looking at economics, the world over, that crippled America in the Thirties — not any deficiencies in the American character, and it's cheap and silly to pretend otherwise. It also doesn't make much sense to argue that "even if the problems of the time didn't have anything to do with those defects then, they sure have something to do with them now." No metaphor — especially not one as badly questionable as this one — can mean anything on any kind of allegorical level, if it can't have some plain factual validity first.

Using the audiences at the contest — ogling them as they slurp up their ice cream and throw pennies at the dancers on the floor — as a symbol for bourgeois sadism and heartlessness, is roughly the same kind of mistake, only less serious. It's a staggeringly corny, caricatured line to take, but it has some truth behind it, because the people who went to the marathons were actually pretty horrible, unfeeling types, not much less so than they're made out to be in the movie. But in no way were they typically cosy-middle-class, at least not any more so than the men and women who now go to Roller Derbies and wrestling matches; they were almost straight proletarian on a busman's holiday and out for some depravity, so very probably, even if the fat, tidy old ladies who fill up the movie's bleachers ever would have had balls enough to venture in among all those rednecks, they wouldn't have lasted too long once they got there. Also, it's about as likely that — as the movie suggests — film

industry big-names (famous directors like Mervyn LeRoy and stars like Anita Louise would have shown up for an evening's entertainment at a dance contest and laughed along with the other apes, as it is that Pollack and Jane Fonda spend their nights at ghetto showings of *The Green Berets* and cock-fights.

There's also too much weak-minded movie-star-culture sociologizing sticking out and looking ridiculous — not just in the idea of having Hollywood glamor people in the audiences and waving to the fans, but in the whole concept of making Robert and Gloria, as well as one of the minor characters (a would-be actress, movingly played by Sussannah York) the victims of the Celluloid Lie, the Media, the Dream Factory, and all the rest of those things. There must have been something else fouling up the way the hard-up sorts who could get suckered into an endurance dance contest thought, other than the movies; and anyway, that whole preachy angle is starting to get a little thin and worn-out — those pathetic filmed fantasies really can't go on looking pitiful and heartbreaking forever, just as the sight of a lot of garish movie billboards and grotesque lobby posters is losing its built-in punch, too. Truthfully, after the intelligent considerations of what mass art can do to mass minds that contributed so much to *Medium Cool* and *Midnight Cowboy*, and after the unintelligent hilarity of *The Happy Ending*, who wants to hear more about something that was familiar and self-evident to begin with?

BALTIMORE FILM FESTIVAL

The Baltimore Film Makers Association and the University of Baltimore are sponsoring a festival to encourage and celebrate the work of the independent film-maker and to promote the concept of the film as art. The festival showings will take place on April 4 and April 18.

The festival is open to "all films that evidence a high regard for the film as a creative medium." Entries should be submitted by March 15.

For further information, write Harvey Alexander, University of Baltimore, Oliver Street and Maryland Avenue, Baltimore, 21201.

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Center Stage: "The Tempest" by William Shakespeare. Calvery Educational Center. (The old Poly) 8:30 pm 685-5020

Music:

"Calhoun" at the Bluesette. 2439 North Charles St. 464-4404 8 - 12 pm

Velvet Underground and Donal Lease at the Mian Point Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Gregory Kihn at the Seed of Discovery. 236 East 25th St. 243-9234 8:00pm

Modern Jazz Quartet at the Celler Door, Washington D.C.

Romano at Patches' 15 Below Timonium Md.

"Hoot" at Ozmanidan Ruins. JCC, Park Heights Ave.

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 22

Music:

Cathedral of Mary Our Queen serie. Paul Daris, organist. 5300 North Charles Street

Open Concert. Free. The Bluesette, 2439 North Charles Street. 467-4404, 8-12pm

Velvet Underground and Donal Lease. See Sat. Feb. 21.

MONDAY FEBRUARY 23

Music:

Morgan State College Series. Robert Vorday, Pianist Hillen Road and Cold Spring Lane 8:30pm

Charlie Byrd at the Celler Door, Wash. DC

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 24

Music:

Candlelight Concert, an evening with William Russo and the Peabody Jazz Workshop, Mihaly Virizlay, cello soloist. Peabody Concert Hall, 8:30pm

Charlie Byrd see mon. feb. 23

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 25

Music:

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. Oistrakh, violinist. Commissions, conducting. Lyric Theater, 128 West Mt. Royal Ave. 8:30 pm 685-5086

Charlie Byrd - see mon. feb. 23

Theater:

Center Stage. The World Premier of "Park" by Paul Cherry. 11 E. North Ave.

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 26

Music:

Jaime Brockett at the Main Point, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Charlie Byrd, see feb. 23

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 27

Film:

"A Double Life," Essex Community College 8pm 682-6000.

Music:

"Meat" at Bluesette

Jaime Brockette, see Feb. 26

Charlie Byrd, see feb. 23

Gove Scrivenor at Patches' 15 Below

Vos Contu Monemus at Seed of Discovery

Timber Ridge Singers at Son of Coffee Grounds

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 28

Music:

Washington National Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Pennario, pianist. Howard Mitchall, conductor. Lyric Theater

"Ames Oaks" at Bluesette

Jaime Brockett, see feb. 26

Charlie Byrd, see mon. feb. 23

Gove Scrivenor, see feb. 27

Vos Cantu Monemus, see feb. 27

Warmth and Jim Merfeld at Ozymandian Ruins

SUNDAY MARCH 1

Music:

Johns Hopkins University Shriver Hall series Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, Walter Trampler, violinist. Sonata Recital - Shriver Hall, 8:30pm

Jam and Auditions. The Bluesette, \$1.00

"Sly and the Family Stone" Civic Center, 8pm

Jaime Brockette - see feb. 26

Charlie Byrd - see feb. 23

Roger Sherman at the Gold Standard Coffeehouse, 2nd Presbyterian Church, St. Paul St. & Stratford Rd. 7:30 to 11:30 Admission 75cents,

Cathedral of Mary Our Queen series. Combined Glee Clubs of Lehigh University and Goucher College. George Woodhead, conductor. 5300 North Charles.

Mt. St. Agnes College Concert Series, Lili Chookasian, contralto. Mt. Washington. 3pm

MONDAY MARCH 2

Music:

Charlie Byrd - see feb. 23

TUESDAY MARCH 3

Music:

Charlie Byrd - see feb. 23

Lecture:

Harold P. Pluimer, author of "Frontiers of our Times," Essex Community College. 12:30pm and 8pm.

WEDNESDAY MARCH 4

Music:

Charlie Byrd - see feb. 23

THURSDAY MARCH 5

Music:

Charlie Byrd - see feb. 23

Odetta and Janey Dennis at the Main Point, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

occult

LECTURE and meditation - Bob Hieronymus at Johns Hopkins Levering Hall, Tuesdays, 8 pm

MEETING - Theosophical Society, 525 N. Charles St. Weds. 8 pm

HEALING SERVICES - Mt. Washington Methodist Church, Smith Ave. and Falls Road. 10 am Thurs.

BABAJI KRIYA YOGA - Yogi S. A. A. Ramaiah at 2929 N. Calvert St. 6:30 pm Fridays. Donation.

A. R. E. STUDY GROUPS - on Edgar Cayce; Mr. & Mrs. Ludwig 284-7078 Tues., Wed., Thurs. 7:30pm; Sun. 1pm

SPIRITUAL FRONTIERS FELLOWSHIP Mr. Henry Hurt, 507 Park Ave. - Towson - Send for information

HATHA YOGA - Etta Cohen, 486 - 2427 Daily by appointment.

SPIRITUALISM - Temple of Wisdom Church, 39th St. & Greenmount, Daily 7:30 pm

ROSICRUCIAN A. M. O. R. C. - O'Donnell Lodge, 137 E. North Ave.

LECTURE - Aquarian Age Bookstore 811 N. Chas. St. 752-5074. Various Speakers and topics. Weds. 8 pm

EUCHARIST as presented by the Master Lord Christ, through the angel of the Presence. The Liberal Catholic Church (St. John the Divine) - 213 E. Mt. Royal Ave.

THEATER

Feb. 19,20,21,26,27,28

"Death of a Child By Beating Or Not" by Grace Caralanie at Corner Theater, 853 N. Howard St. 9:00 pm

Feb. 20, 21, 22,27,28, March 1

"Ubu Roi" by Alfred Jarry at the Barn Theater, Johns Hopkins. 8:30 pm

Feb 25-March 21

"Park" by Paul Cherry at Center Stage 11 E. North Ave. 685-5020

continuing

Community Supper - Thurs. 6pm at Learning Action Center, 321 E. 25th St., 3rd floor. Bring food to share.

Womens Liberation Meeting - Thurs., 8pm. 3037 Guilford, 2921 St. Paul.

GI Organizing Meeting - 1st and 3rd Wed. 2912 North Calvert, 8pm

Seminar in non-violence - Wed. at Learning Action Center, 321 E. 25th St., 3rd floor, 6pm

Folk dancing - Thurs. at Johns Hopkins Levering Hall, 8pm \$75

Baltimore GI's United - Sat. nights at 3903 Old York Rd. 7 pm

TO HAVE ITEMS INCLUDED IN THE CALENDAR, call 243-2150, or write
CALENDAR
"HARRY"
233 E. 25th Street
Baltimore, Md. 21218

EAT THIS SPACE!